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OBITUARY FOR TEN YOUNG MEN

THE prevalence of suicide on a number of college campuses is probably not to be associated with any specific kind of academic teaching or environment. It is bound up with a much wider social and spiritual condition. Men prominent in business, creative endeavor and affairs have recently been destroying their lives with a staggering lack of regard for the Christian moral code. Even the notorious criminals of 1927 require a guard to prevent them from serving as executioners in their own behalf. That undergraduates should join in the macabre pastime, for quaint reasons or for no particular reason at all, merely proves that the adventure called suicide is far more attractive to the present generation than has usually been imagined. One may, of course, seek an explanation in the prevalence of neurotic diseases, caused by too lavish an expenditure of vital energy. But such an explanation cannot account for all the phases of this really startling social phenomenon.

It is curious that we have almost entirely overlooked the deeply rooted human instinct to seek relief in death. All the ancient psychologists had much to say concerning it; the Stoics made it an integral part of their doctrine; and even the contemplative Hindus, though they refrained from slaughtering themselves, fixed their eyes on the bliss of coffin-nails. Here and there in the history of heathenism, one finds even what might be termed "prophets of self-destruction," who left multitudes of dead behind them as they moved from town to town. By way of contrast the modern habit of optimism had practically established as a commonplace the idea that loss of life is the greatest of calamities and that anything destructive of life (for instance, war) must be energetically removed from the human scene. Strangely enough, the very season which brings news of so many youthful suicides has also been thrilled with the announcement that the span of life may probably be extended beyond the century mark by medical science. Here are two extremes, seemingly irreconcilable. Men approaching toothless senility dream of further drams of existence; the young, with all the glory of maturity before them, snuff the candle out. Nevertheless, the contrast is not so brand-new as it might seem. Cicero, who had spent all his life in practical business pursuits, looked forward to an old age which could be spent in enriching the mind; Petronius, satiated with antique culture, tranquilly opened his veins when the hour had come.

This reference to Rome is appropriate because the last dozens of years have convinced Americans that

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paganism is an art of living which can be accepted with great ease. It is convenient to regulate one's conduct by irony or self-interest. It is easier still to say that one's soul is under one's own captaincy and shall march by no other rule. But there happens to be a certain amount of difficulty about accepting all the conclusions which follow from this position. If we are to be governed by "bleak truth" and "useful instincts," then it is conceivable we may face hours in which happiness is contingent upon non-existence. In so far as they drew this inevitable deduction and acted upon it, the ten young college lads who recently took their lives must be congratulated for a significant heroism. They saw a little farther than their elders. They followed their principles to the end. They died because people had assured them life is made for happiness. If the energetic Atheist Society is true to the spirit of its constitution, the ten young men will have a monument and incense will be burned to their courageous shades.

But, it will be objected, who is responsible for this situation? Did not America surround the ten young men with lavish promises? Wealth, opportunity, education, leisure—all in quantities undreamed of by former generations—had been placed at their command. Medicinal science promised to alleviate their physical sufferings; art and invention hurried to increase their joys. Even the "thought of something after death" had been carefully mitigated in order to cause them no mental anguish. Living in a "flaming" world where no convention stood as a hampering barrier, where the pleasures of youth are celebrated in story and melodious song, what was it against which they dashed their angry heads? Well, there is one answer in this little passage from Lewis Mumford:

"I am not sure but that the search for anaesthetics may prove in the long run to be the clue to the nineteenth century, in all its depauperate phases. The use of ether itself first came as a parlor sport in dull little American communities that had no good wine to bring a milder oblivion from their boredom; and perhaps one may look upon anaesthetics in all their physical and spiritual forms—ether, Christian Science, speed—as the culmination of the Protestant attack upon the senses. The fact is that pragmatism *was* a blessed anaesthetic."

Perhaps the anaesthetics have not worked, or possibly they lead to curiosity about a far more potent sleeping draught. At any rate, the ten young men were uncommonly proficient in their pragmatism, and they tested it well. If the game is not worth the candle, why should one play it in the rain? There are, after all, few years in history marked by the inquiring sincerity of Socrates. The present is characterized, however, by more Sophists than even Athens knew. And it is always a young man's wisdom to act on the suggestion of his elders.

That our civilization has deluged the individual with material gifts, that it has taken for granted these would be hugely enjoyed, is a truth sufficiently known. Theoretically we have deplored the fact, but in practice we have done everything possible to establish it. Upon this structure, the value of which we ourselves doubted, there was then erected an extremely questionable spiritual residence. Never were rooms more airy and spacious, never was there a house in which it was easier to move about. It was created by the simple expediency of turning the ministry into a professorate. The transition was so gradual that few noticed it at all. The old Calvinistic divine suddenly became a romantic transcendentalist; and in another decade or so it had become the normal thing to profess the scientific, sceptical mind. All the time it was forgotten that while a man may mature into any kind of pattern and stay put there tranquilly, youth is forever interested in a restless search. It must see that the morrow is different from today. And there is only one morrow after scientific agnosticism—a morrow in which the world is suddenly new with bright, immemorial, eternal spiritual sunlight, or suddenly old with doom.

Tragic though it is to think of ten young men convinced of the virtues of lethal night, it would be more harrowing still to fancy they would have grown up content with the stuffy everyday of the stalest of worlds, in which bathtubs were synonymous with cultural advance and wit was the definition of wisdom. During a bright moment Maeterlinck declared that "a work of art does not grow old excepting in proportion to its anti-mysticism." The same thing is so true of civilizations, that one has only to look around in order to verify it. But unfortunately enough, the agencies which naturally oppose this frigid anti-mysticism, which lead back into the sunlight of God, are more than a little infected themselves with the easy compromises of the past. It is assumed that evidences of material success—grandiose establishments, the glitter of parades, the accumulation of money—will wean men back into the churches. True enough, these things may attract, even if they cannot reform, those portions of the multitude which accept life as it is. But those who question and learn to see through the empty prose of comfort will not be seduced. For whenever in any time men have knelt reverently to receive a sacrament, they have known that here was a mystery before which all the world passed away.

When Newman said that "not to be uneasy is to be unsafe," he formulated one of the basic laws of the human spirit. Youth will seek truth outside the pale of respectable indolence because truth does not exist inside. Meanwhile it is worth remembering that varied fascinating experiments with philosophies and doctrines may not be so harmless as they seem. That young people wish to be told what to think rather than how to think is a safe educational assumption, even though a number of psychologists have thought otherwise. After all, it might be advisable to remove Rodin's Thinker from the campus, and substitute Saint Michael —who not only clung bravely to the task he set out to do, but could find his way about in the light of God.

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WEEK BY WEEK

THE political situation in China continues to remain indecipherable. In all likelihood not even the British government is aware of the precise nature of the forces involved or of the purposes entertained by Chinese leaders. We may suppose that sooner or later there will take place a battle for the possession of Shanghai, between a native army and the troops of at least some of the foreign nations. In the case of Great Britain, the problem is complicated, as always, by the sum-total of the Asiatic interests of the empire. Commerce, prestige, and history all combine to figure in a struggle the dimensions of which may surpass anything now projected by the spectator's imagination. Quite obviously the best way to precipitate that antagonism between Orient and Occident which prophets have used as the recipe for the "great war of the future," is to keep on trying to maintain antiquated trade and social relationships which nobody in the East ever liked, and which somebody in the East is most certainly going to abolish one of these days. The sole hope of imperialism now is that the Chinese will continue to demonstrate their inability to organize a stable government.

IN SO far as this situation affects the missionaries now stationed in China, one must deeply regret the trend of events and hope for their safety. Nevertheless, the right Christian attitude toward the great people who number Lao-Tze and Confucius among their sages, is clearly revealed in the mandate of the Vatican regarding the development of a native clergy and the appointment of native bishops. The habit of sending missionaries into a country under the protection of guns and in the company of trade drummers, is fundamentally reprehensible. Not only has experience proved the utter spiritual inadequacy of this method, but the very memory of who the Apostles were, puts it to shame. We do not crave for somebody else's martyrdom. The nature of Christian teaching is such, however, that its protagonists must dedicate themselves to it alone, at no matter what hazards. Intellectualism and efficiency have meant, and will mean, nothing in China. We recall a young Chinese convert who, before coming to the United States as a student, had completed and published a translation of The Imitation of Christ. He had wisdom enough to see, what veteran missionaries of many races learn from experience, that the superiority of Christian mysticism over the philosophy of the East is the greatest of apostolic weapons. All attempts to supplant it with science, or to make it attendant upon imperialistic development, will irretrievably fail. In the long run, the missionary suffers more from "European protection" than from the "Chinese menace."

NEVER, perhaps, has the action of foreign countries caused more satisfaction to American politicians than the refusal of Great Britain and two other nations to accept the participation of the United States in the World Court with special reservations. Senator Moses, the member of the Foreign Relations Committee, who led the fight against American adhesion, was moved to propose three cheers for John Bull when he heard the news; and Senator Nye of North Dakota declared that once again Europe had saved the United States from embarrassment. Even Senator Lenroot, of Wisconsin, the chief advocate of adhesion, accepted the decision with no expression of regret. "That settles the matter," he said. "So far as I know, no effort will be made to modify the reservations adopted by the Senate because of the objections of other countries. The reservations were made for the protection of the United States, and for the permanent maintenance of the high standards of the Court. If the other members of the Court do not desire us to go in on these terms, we will stay out." Which we probably shall, since President Coolidge, in his Kansas City address, announced that all the nations adhering to the Court protocol would accept the American reservations without any change, or he would never submit the matter to the Senate again.

POLITICIANS of all shades will be glad that a trouble-making issue has been removed, for the time being, at least, from the realm of practical politics. As a platform topic, it bristled with difficulties. It is not necessary to go all the way with Senator Borah and declare that the World Court is a League Court, to sense some of these. The very reservations them-

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selves were anomalies. Either we were in the Court or we were out of it; to offer to share in its advisory opinions on matters affecting other nations while demanding that no such opinion should be given by the tribunal on any matter in which the United States not only had, but would even claim an interest, was something very close to the absurdity which Senator Reed of Missouri denominated it. Let those who advocate entry into the League continue their fight, and let those who oppose such entrance continue their campaign of education against the proposal; but let us all be thankful that the red herring of participation in the World Court on terms which will never be considered for the League or by the League, no longer can be dragged across the main issue.

TO THOSE who assume that enlightenment never occurs south of James River, we recommend the Enquirer-Sun, of Columbus, Georgia. Recently this newspaper printed an article on Church and state in Mexico. Its author, Dr. Francis B. Simpkins, is a professor of Latin-American history in Emory University. At the very same time that various New York journals were feasting on Calles propaganda and imagining themselves most sincere and well-informed, Dr. Simpkins was telling his fellow-Georgians things like these: "The hoary legend, based on mechanical census reports of illiteracy, that Mexico is inhabited by a race kept ignorant and stupid by the Catholic Church, is almost as false as the same slander advanced against the people of Spain by self-righteous English writers. The Church, from the time of Cortez, has been almost as zealous in the establishment of schools for the Indians as it has been in the establishment of churches. It fostered a university and many provincial colleges long before Harvard was founded. The Europeanization of the Mexican was accomplished through the spirit of brotherly love and educational zeal of the Catholic Church with a smaller proportional loss of life among the natives than that process was accomplished in any other American colony. The Catholic Church in Mexico has been distinguished for its poets, philologists, historians, and philosophers. Even during the heyday of the Mexican inquisition, the Church never sanctioned laws which positively prohibited the subject Indian population from learning to read and write, such as the legislatures of our southern states actually passed against our subject Negro population less than a hundred years ago." Dr. Simpkins's entire article is so true that we should have been glad to publish it as a whole. And the best part of it is its superiority to the various declarations which have been eagerly devoured by liberal New York.

WHEN Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, gave a talk to about a hundred members of the Riverside Republican Club, in his own congressional district, he may have done much for candor in politics, but he contributed little to the enhancement of his popularity among the leaders of the party of which he was once the candidate for vice-president of the United States. His announcement that President Coolidge would not seek a third term was embarrassing to those Republican leaders in his own state who have advocated the renomination of the present occupant of the White House; but his declaration that no presidential candidate could be elected who was not opposed to prohibition, was generally regarded as little short of disastrous. The prompt challenge of Senator Borah to discuss with Dr. Butler means of "defining the issue and arranging for the campaign in which this matter may be presented to the voters of the party, who will select delegates to the presidential convention," completed their disgust. But it may be there are hundreds of thousands in the rank and file of the party who agree with the Senator and the educator that the issue of prohibition is here, and must be candidly met. Each of the big parties has straddled the question in its national platforms. High-sounding terms and words have been used to escape a definite pronouncement. Not only is the issue here, as Dr. Butler says, but there is a steadily growing recognition, by Democrats as well as by Republicans, that it must be squarely faced.

THERE is, however, a third party which does not want to face the issue. It has its spokesman, and his name is Wayne B. Wheeler. His contribution to the discussion in which two men of high standing are engaged for the purpose of general enlightenment, is an announcement that Dr. Butler has "lined up with the bootleggers and denizens of the underworld in a fight to bring back booze." He declares that the liquor program suggested by the university president (who has offered no program other than a plan to ascertain the wishes of the voters of his party) "is soaked in avarice, lust, and rum." Then he contributes this gem as a clincher: "The people of the United States will never make Uncle Sam a bartender; nor will they surrender to a small minority of lawbreakers the majority right to make the nation's laws." It is true the people of the United States never made and never will make Uncle Sam a bartender. They received quite a shock when they learned he was the proprietor of the bar at the Bridge Whist Club, and only members of Mr. Wheeler's organization were able to accept him in his new rôle with any complacency.

A CONDITION such as that which prevailed on the New York Stock Exchange last week leaves the uninitiated spectator gasping, but is really as exciting as a great play. It is now quite some time since Frank Norris told the story of a Chicago "corner" in The Pit, and nobody has rivaled that literary performance. The well-informed say, however, that the manipulation of railroad stock during the past fortnight equals almost any of the spectacular coups which have recently been undertaken by men of might. What

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makes it vital and interesting is the light it throws upon the effort to consolidate the country's railway systems. Mr. Leonor F. Loree's revival of ancient Gould and Harriman plans for another great trunk route, as reported to the Interstate Commerce Commission some years ago, depended upon the absorption of several small and comparatively unprofitable roads. Sky-high, therefore, went the value of these hitherto unpretentious collections of rails and locomotives. To prevent the inroad of further competition into already hotly contested fields, representatives of three great trunk systems already established combined to purchase the Wheeling and Lake Erie, as well as the Western Maryland. They succeeded, so that for the present, at least, no new titanic merger is likely to be effected by an "outsider."

THE fact that fortunes fluctuated in the midst of fierce stock bartering, ought to have the effect of drawing public attention to at least some aspects of the complex railway situation. Easy old times, when a few hundred miles of ties and a rather lazy organization constituted a profitable traffic system, have passed. Traveling and hauling must be thought of now in continental terms. Even so, there is room only for a few people, if anybody is to make money. Who these few people are to be, and how their conduct is to be regulated, become, as a consequence, matters of considerable importance. We entrust them to a capable Interstate Commerce Commission, and then proceed to forget all about that commission, although, in sober truth, the problems it contemplates are exciting and momentous. Who really forgets that the prices paid for commodities depend to a large extent upon the skill with which railroad transportation is organized? The American people, convinced by theory and experience that they do not wish to associate government with freight and passenger carrying, ought not to forget, meanwhile, that "better service" will depend to a great extent upon their coöperation with and comprehension of the important issues at stake.

DR. HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK is the "fluid consciousness" of American Protestantism. No man has a deeper admiration for what may be termed the pragmatic aspects of Christianity, and no one seems to reflect more pertinently current uncertainties about absolute values. It was therefore natural that sooner or later he would come round to speak of the confessional, and also that his remarks should enkindle something like a controversy. "Our Roman Catholic brethren, in keeping the confessional, have pretty nearly wiped us off the stage in one feature of human service," he declared. "Through the confessional, they have built up an amazing service for the treatment of sick souls. We have nothing to compare with it." This endorsement differs in almost every particular from the violent charges of "secrecy" and "curiosity" which used to go the rounds whenever the disciples of John Knox (et al.) mentioned the Sacrament of Penance. We are, in fact, reminded of Hawthorne's Marble Faun, and of various matters discerned here and there in recent Anglo-Catholic literature. Nor have the commentators on Dr. Fosdick failed to provide their share of lore. Dr. Sockman, of the New York Methodists, approved by saying that Protestantism "had stopped making sins specific." On behalf of the Baptists, Dr. George Caleb Moore reminded his audience that Spurgeon "had a so-called confessional in England," while the perennially fiery Dr. Straton affirmed that rather than follow the Fosdick lead, he would "go over to the Catholics, bag and baggage." The most important statement which issued from the Episcopal strongholds, was Reverend Samuel Shoemaker's declaration that "the confessional will bring back into the church the personal contact between congregation and preacher."

WHAT is particularly astonishing to the Catholic spectator in the whole procedure, is Dr. Fosdick's declaration that he has conducted for six years what he calls a confessional. "I have an office," he confided, "where people who know they are spiritually sick and mentally disturbed can come with their problems." One grants the efficacy of the treatment in this particular case. But might it not be more than relatively hazardous to establish amateur psychopathic wards in the rectories of the nation? Are we really convinced that the average man, whether engaged in the ministry or not, is competent to act in such a venture? Moreover, the Catholic confessional is quite different from any such arrangement. It is simply a place to which one comes for the reception of a sacrament—for the forgiveness of sins by one who holds that power from God. The regulations which bind the priest are strict and all-embracing; preparation for the duties of a confessor is one of the most important parts of ecclesiastical training. One hopes, therefore, that Protestant divines who contemplate introducing the confessional, will also take cognizance of what the Catholic Sacrament of Penance really is. Otherwise they will lay themselves open to the broadside fired by the Reverend William Norman Guthrie, famous in the annals of Episcopal iconoclasm, in defending ritualistic dancing: "If the High Church can introduce Roman Catholic ritual, we, being a Broad Church, can introduce any other ritual we want." And logically speaking, there would really seem to be no limit.

THOMAS A. EDISON celebrated his eightieth birthday a few days ago by giving an interview to a number of newspaper reporters. He told these young men that the word, God, had no meaning to him, and gave his ideas about immortality in these words: "I have stated many times, but no one understands, that man is not the unit of life; that he is as dead as granite; that the unit consists of billions of highly organized entities which live in the cells. I believe that when

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a man dies this swarm deserts the body—goes out into space, but keeps on earth and enters another or last cycle of life. The swarms of entities are immortal." And a really great man, a kindly man, is puzzled because no one understands! Yet he himself does not understand how his ideas for his great inventions come to him. "A real new thing is pulled out of space, a fact which is inexplicable," he told the same reporters. They carried the words of the man of eighty to another man, of ninety-three, and this is what Chauncey M. Depew had to say: "My idea of God is personal, rather than one of a force. Not a personality such as we are, of course, but a glorified divine and infinite heart, brain, and spirit, all-comprehending, all-powerful, never-failing. I think of God as being interested in mortals and mortal affairs. Christ was His earthly manifestation; Christ Who understood, lived, toiled, and suffered upon earth as men and women do; Christ Who died as we must do before we live again." This is the statement of one who is not a great scientist; but nevertheless it is a declaration which will not be followed by a plaint that no one understands it.

EACH day makes it more evident that public opinion in New York is thoroughly aroused on the question of a clean stage. The action of the managers whose productions have created criticism, is a challenge to those who are determined that a reproach shall be removed. The challenge has been accepted by the Mayor and the District Attorney, and it now looks as though the matter will be taken to the state Supreme Court. If it cannot be settled in any other way than by the passage in the legislature of a drastic censorship bill, managers and actors will have no one to blame but themselves. They evinced a readiness to assist those who sought to purify the theatre, yet they permitted a play which was about to close as a dismal failure to capitalize the very conditions which they had declared they wished to correct, by announcement of a continued run at a larger theatre. They permitted others to seek and obtain injunctions on the plea of protection against persecution. Now either this campaign to cleanse the stage is persecution or it is not. If it is, the managers and the Equity officials had a right to brand it so when Mayor Walker first announced that it was to be inaugurated. They did nothing of the kind; on the contrary, they not only agreed that a cleansing process was necessary, but appointed a committee to make plans for purging the profession of the panderers who disgraced it. A little pressure from half-a-dozen of the bigger managers, an order from Equity to the members of certain companies, would have been more effective than fifty plans and would have immediately created sympathy, established beyond question the bona fides of those representing theatrical interests, and made the contemplation of censorship an absurdity. The decent public has been aroused by a condition, not by a theory of stage management, and is determined that it shall be changed.

IN MAKING a general appeal to Catholic laymen for continued and extended support of the National Council of Catholic Men, Walter T. Johnson, the president of the organization, reports really remarkable progress during the last year. Within twelve months, nine national organizations and 1,077 local groups have become affiliated with the council. This is encouraging news to all who believe that the influence of various groups formed for religious, moral, and charitable purposes can be intensified if all work in harmony for the greater glory of God through His Church, and the wider benefit of the country they love. The influence which the council can have on national life will be enlarged as its membership increases; men of good will in all denominations engaged in welfare work and social service will be more than ever anxious to enlist the coöperation and advice of a central body which embraces so many agencies for moral regeneration. The council now has representation in eighty-seven dioceses. It is engaged particularly at this time in consolidating the groups that have been formed and stimulating them to act together in all good causes, both local and national. It depends entirely for the support of its work on the contributions of laymen. It has demonstrated that it deserves the support of every layman who is proud of his Church and of his own country.

AN HONEST THEATRE

AT A time when public protests against the aberrations of the theatre are so numerous and forceful, it is pleasant to applaud a dramatic venture which deserves imitation as well as encouragement. Miss Eva Le Gallienne, proving once again that the practical sense of women finds it easy to achieve things seemingly impossible, has made the Civic Repertory Theatre synonymous with pleasant evenings and more than usually significant drama. Almost everybody concedes the value of the repertory idea: it has a way of fanning the classics into life, and can itself reveal the elasticity and mobility of life. But beyond all mere proprietorship of the idea, Miss Le Gallienne has realized a fine, plastic expression. One is actually astonished to see how victoriously a company which is not free from a certain amateurishness of manner can go from the sombre seriousness of Ibsen to the delightful idyllic tenderness of Martinez Sierra. It is easy to comb various literatures for masterpieces or less, but it is difficult to realize them in a way calculated to enkindle the enthusiasm of audiences. You can sit in the somewhat antiquated confines of New York's old Fourteenth Street Theatre and wonder what has happened overnight to transfigure the now relatively blatant art of drama into a vibrant poetic magic which almost obscures the fascination of stars and glaring Broadway signs.

From another point of view, Miss Le Gallienne's achievement may be considered a hopeful sign of

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American artistic maturity. It might be difficult to establish repertory theatres elsewhere than in New York, even if the standard of excellence were considerably lowered. But such theatres would have a better chance of success now than they could have claimed a decade ago. Very likely the growing habit of reading plays, as one reads other literature, has led a great many people to take the theatre seriously. Because Bernard Shaw, like Shakespeare, is a popular figure by reason of college courses and public libraries, his plays are now box-office successes. It might be profitable to meditate this point a little in connection with the often ventured plea for a vigorous religious theatre in the United States. If more people formed the habit of reading Claudel, Weismantel or even Housman, the production of their great dramas might be more successfully undertaken. Then it might also be possible to establish, at least in one or two cities, religious repertory theatres having something of the attractiveness and intelligence of Miss Le Gallienne's stage.

Meanwhile, it is encouraging to note that M. Ghéon, the tireless leader of the Paris Compagnons de Notre Dame, has been kindling fire in England. Reports indicate that performances of some of his plays have been greeted with unusual success; and a few commentators go so far as to believe that a kindred movement will arise in the country of the York mysteries. The Roswitha Society, for instance, is a group of amateurs who endeavor to interpret original plays in a spirit of unaffected piety. If one may credit the London Tablet, these Roswithians have already (notwithstanding their archaic and somewhat formidable name) manifested great progress and enthusiasm. Will something of the same sort ever reach America? Favorable omens may be seen in various announcements of collegiate dramatic clubs, in the continuing local success of such plays as Harry Lee's Saint Francis, and in a number of other things. But the great urge forward still awaits an impetus.

Can this come from the little theatre movement? The magnitude of the program recently staged at Yale University on behalf of amateur and community theatricals, certainly indicates the grip which this movement has upon American devotees of dramatic art. It seems to have gained in vitality and momentum during recent years—to have shaken off some of that enfeebling concern with the merely devastating and the merely macabre which for a long while characterized it. One may legitimately hope that some day it will become more than an outlet for stage-struck artistic temperaments, and that it will then evince a healthy masculine interest in those primal sources of popular life of which religion is one. At all events, it ought to prove that organizations like the successful inter-confessional Bühnenvolksbund, which has done such excellent work in Germany, can be established in the United States. Agencies such as this always appear in response to a popular demand. This demand has been increasing, so there is real hope for the future.

A FRANCISCAN ACADEMY

THE effects of the Franciscan centenary continue to reveal themselves. Scarcely had the memorable year come to an end when there came the news that Friar Roger Bacon's code had been deciphered, with the result that the extent of his scientific knowledge is now much more widely discernible. Just a little earlier, critics had arrived at a new summary of their information concerning Duns Scotus, thus revealing more definitely the nature of this great critic's teaching and its character as the complement of other scholastic doctrine. Meanwhile the Franciscans themselves, particularly in the United States, have kept up a vigorous interest in the development of their intellectual tradition. A recent issue of Franciscan Studies is a significant indication of this interest, outlining as it does the history of the vast linguistic studies undertaken by the friars. It will seem curious to many that Roger Bacon himself, for all his interest in scientific method, was one of the first to complain that many who spoke Greek knew "absolutely nothing about the rules of grammar." Indeed, the point was of such concern to him that he wrote the first scientific Greek grammar, which encouraged other members of his order to lay the foundations of Greek lexicography.

All these things encourage one to believe that the plan to establish an "Academic Circle of the Third Order" in New York City will meet with success. The things which might be achieved by such a circle are many. A bulletin issued by the Reverend Kilian Hennrich enumerates a few of these: to extend the Third Order among the educated classes; to contribute, as far as possible, toward the solution of social and moral problems according to the spirit of Saint Francis; and to further international relations among tertiaries. Because the Third Order is the great channel of Franciscan influence among laymen, through it there must come the practical efficacy of the treasures gathered by the Franciscan mind. It is well to admit that the mission which is primarily of the spirit may be made more effective by uniting it with the interests and the energy of the mind.

It is surprising to what an extent the spirit of Saint Francis can coördinate individuals and destroy prejudices. Inside the Church its effect has almost always been either to soften the sternness of other interpretations of doctrine or to prepare men's souls for life under changing intellectual conditions. Historically speaking, it was the Franciscan who foresaw the development of modern science and who tried to anticipate the argument which led to Calvinism and Jansenism. In return, the Franciscan has always been reverenced, not primarily as the great teacher, but as the great arbiter. Great Americans beyond number have been impressed by his peace, his serenity, and his spiritual earnestness. It follows that the more we see of him in American intellectual life, the more we shall avoid the bitternesses of prejudice and argument.

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THE LIMITS OF SOVEREIGNTY

By SUMMERFIELD BALDWIN

THE wide-spread disregard of the Eighteenth Amendment and the statutes intended to give it effect, serves to underline certain political truths which democratic politics has generally tended to ignore. What puzzles conscientious people is the constant and apparently cynical neglect of civic duty manifested by respectable persons whose views of the generally binding force of law are otherwise unimpeachable. Even the most ardent opponents of the whole prohibitory system find it difficult to present really impregnable arguments in support of their opposition.

It cannot seriously be contended that the Eighteenth Amendment is more of an infringement upon personal liberty than any other legislation. All legislation infringes upon liberty, and even if it be granted that there ought to be a line where such legislation stops, there is no rule by which this line can be settled upon, nor is there any reason to suppose that the line itself is a constant one from generation to generation. Singularly unconvincing, for example, is the argument that what the law itself calls a malum in se, an evil automatically repulsive to the moral codes of all moral men, should alone be the subject of positive legislation. There are and have always been countless mala prohibita—evils created by statute for the common good but finding no certain authority in any system of private ethics. On the other hand, it is equally evident that positive legislation has never been employed, cannot be employed, to enforce some of the greatest of moral evils.

A few enthusiasts have gone so far as to contend that the Eighteenth Amendment contravenes the moral law. They are accustomed to argue that, because Christ made wine at Cana, there is an actual moral duty to make wine resting upon all Christians. Others object that the Eighteenth Amendment is unworthy of obedience because it never received popular assent. Some argue that it is unenforceable, but forget that all laws are unenforceable in the sense that their existence prevents their breach. It is urged that the Constitution should not be made the vehicle of positive legislation, but it is forgotten that a number of statutes, notably that relating to the slave trade, are embedded in the original document.

These arguments, in short, are not convincing. There is no certainty that personal liberty has been unduly infringed; there is no moral duty to make alcoholic liquors; the Eighteenth Amendment was legally adopted by stupendous majorities; it is being constantly enforced, for the courts are crowded with offenders; and formally it has as good a right in the Constitution as anything else. Yet this law, having behind it the enthusiastic support of millions of citizens, commands no real respect whatever. It is daily broken by other millions who go their way with light hearts, who enjoy the friendship and admiration of even their most fanatically dry neighbors, who are in every other respect model members of their communities.

To understand this phenomenon it is necessary to reëxamine the nature of the governing power by which laws are made and enforced. Bodin has given us the most successful definition of sovereignty when he calls it the supreme power over citizens and subjects unrestrained by laws. Yet Bodin recognizes that while sovereignty is supreme and cannot be legally coerced into doing or refraining from any act, it is by no means a universal power. It cannot act contrary to divine law or the law of nature. Furthermore, it cannot act contrary to the fundamental law of the state. Bodin illustrates this last type of restraint by the Salic law. He took it to be fundamental to the French monarchy that the crown could not be inherited by or through a woman, and there was no power in the French sovereign to change this law.

What is the sense of this non posse, this "cannot" applied to the supreme power? Why cannot the sovereign break the divine or natural law? He cannot in precisely the same way that the sovereign Canute could not command the tide. There was no legal power to veto this command of the sovereign, but the tide went on rising. In its accidents the command was a sovereign act; in its substance it was nonsense. Arnesaeus, following Bodin, illustrated this non posse more forcefully still. God is omnipotent, but God "cannot" destroy Himself. God "cannot" do evil. There is no power to restrain God, but it would be contrary to the divine nature, destructive of the very definition of Godhead, if He were to "do evil." So the sovereign, whom no man legally can coerce, is by nature incapable of acting contrary to divine and natural law.

By nature also, he is incapable of acting against the fundamental law of the state. This fundamental law is the cement by which a congeries of men become a commonwealth. It is the law of which Saint Augustine spoke when he asked what kingdoms were, if not great robber bands once justice was removed. A sovereign's decree contrary to fundamental law is again accidentally an act of his power; but substantially it is no law at all.

It is needless to observe that this proposition holds, no matter what number of persons may at any given time exercise sovereignty. In our country, sovereignty has been so morselated that publicists hardly know where to allocate it. But whichever organ of sovereignty enacted it, the Eighteenth Amendment to the

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Constitution is, at least accidentally, a sovereign decree.

Is it substantially a sovereign decree? The answer leaps to the eyes. Of course it is not. That very wide-spread disregard, that want of any conscientious stigma attached to its breach, is evidence that the sovereign has been like Canute in this matter. He has attempted to command the tide, and his command has no more value than the breath which uttered it.

Yet the Eighteenth Amendment is contrary neither to the divine nor to the natural law. It is manifestly in excess of sovereign capacity, and we are reduced to the conclusion that it is an infraction of the fundamental law of the state. It will at once be urged that the Constitution is the fundamental law, that the Eighteenth Amendment is part of the Constitution, and that therefore it cannot be held in contravention of the fundamental law. There is no real need to show the folly of this contention. It is legally possible for an amendment to be enacted forbidding the manufacture and sale of foodstuffs; excluding the electors of the state of New York from participation in the next presidential election; making the Presidency an hereditary office; establishing Mormonism as a compulsory religion. Yet any such amendment would contravene either the natural or the fundamental law and be void of force.

The test is ultimately empirical in such matters. Yet there is some reason for suggesting a criterion of fundamental law in a country possessing such a written constitution as ours. This constitution is the cement of the commonwealth. What has never been noted about the Eighteenth Amendment is that it attempts to introduce new matter into an already solidified cement. No other change in the Constitution has done this. The Bill of Rights, the first ten amendments, are only amendments in form. The ratification of the original implement was conditioned upon their immediate adoption. The Fourteenth Amendment is substantially a reënforcement of this Bill of Rights. The Eleventh Amendment is an explanation of the federal judicial power. The Twelfth and Seventeenth are mere alterations in the mechanics of choosing officers. The Fifteenth and Nineteenth elaborate the meaning of the constituent body, the electorate. The Sixteenth enlarges or restates the ordinary sovereign power of taxation. Even the Thirteenth Amendment, supposedly the parallel of such an act as the prohibition of liquor, is not really new matter. Slavery was considered a matter within the purview of constitutional action when the Constitution was adopted. The slave trade had been constitutionally prohibited. It was not foreign to the fundamental law to prohibit slavery also. The Eighteenth Amendment, then, is an innovation. It can no more be embedded in our fundamental law than an extraneous brick can be made part of a solid and symmetrical wall.

Furthermore, the essence of the fundamental law is simply the common good of all, and the sovereign power is consequently limited as to its end. Acts of the sovereign power not directed to the common good, or directed against the common good, are in contravention of the fundamental law. There is much reason for contending that the Eighteenth Amendment is not directed to the common good. The very number of those who regard the community as rather hurt by it than benefited, may be offered as proof. The community is the ultimate judge of the common good, and there must be substantial unanimity in its judgment. Even the thief is likely to admit that laws against theft are for the common good. The democratic method of counting heads is a makeshift device for discovering these judgments, but mere majorities in elections, even substantial majorities, are by no means a proof that the community is agreed.

What, then, is the result? The Eighteenth Amendment demonstrates, it would seem, that the most democratic governmental machinery, the greatest pains in distributing the exercise of sovereignty, cannot prevent the sovereign on occasion from attempting to decree what he cannot decree, from using mere coercion to make those who refuse to obey him suffer for their rebellion. He is free from law; nothing can touch him; his decree has all the forms of a valid act; but substantially it may be exactly nothing at all. Despite fines, prisons, enforcement agents, the impossible cannot be done. If the assault upon the fundamental law is more serious, the commonwealth destroys its sovereignty as inevitably as the tides would have drowned Canute had he not moved his throne. Where, as in the case of the Eighteenth Amendment, the decree is merely ridiculous, we in this country know what happens. The commonwealth shrugs its shoulders, puts up with the petty tyranny of coercion, and goes its way.

Design for a House

In my love, I would build you a house.
Its north wall will be God,
Its south wall will be God,
East and west you shall be walled with God.
You will need to fear no storms from the north,
Your south wall will be a sunny wall.
Dawn will stand for you, a wall of ivory growing into gold;
Your west wall will be a pearl, on fire.

Walk to the north wall forever, you will not reach it;
You will never stroke with your hands the arras that streams
down the southern side;
Run eastward, infinitely, dawn will be still beyond you,
And you will be footsore indeed before ever your travel stop at
the starred west wall.

In my love I would give you liberty, confining you only in the
Infinite,
I would wall you up in the beauty of God,
In the reach and range of God.
I can think of nothing better I could do for you
Than build you a house, out of my love.

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL.

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THE BACKGROUND IN MEXICO

By WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS

IN THE United States it is not to be assumed that history is a matter of general knowledge. That is even especially true of the history of the countries in which it would be natural to suppose that North Americans have a particular interest: our Latin American neighbors. An illustration to point this suggestion lies in current expressions of opinion concerning Mexico. One would be on quite safe ground in asserting rather emphatically that until the crisis in Mexico's religious affairs stirred American Catholics to their depths, there was no general knowledge among us of conditions which ultimately would certainly affect Mexico in this way; there was no knowledge whatever, except among a handful of specialists, concerning the constitutional discrepancies and national psychology out of which the crisis has arisen.

Those who are insisting now that the situation is worthy of careful study and that such study is essential to comprehension, are forced almost into the appearance of "lack of sympathy for oppressed brethren" by the emotions of a generous but uninformed public mind. The current talk of "Bolshevism" as directly responsible for Mexico's present deplorable condition is rampant nonsense, due consideration being given to the fact that one of the Third Internationale's very fundamental principles and most cherished methods is prompt seizure upon national or group discontent or disorder anywhere in the world for the purposes of world revolution. Apart from that, the causes of Mexico's crisis, political and religious, lie in her history.

Wilfrid Hardy Calcott, associate professor of history in the University of South Carolina, has added to the study of the antecedents of this crisis a monograph entitled, Church and State in Mexico: 1822-1857.* He concludes his preface with the following words: "In the latter year [1857] the Constitution which remained the official foundation of the Mexican government till 1917, was adopted. Much information on the subject is not yet available even to Mexican readers. Those of English speech know still less about it." That is the simple fact. Moreover, against this very small amount available to those of English speech the percentage of American Catholic contribution would be interesting to note, in the light of our presumably greater facilities with regard to sources not so easily accessible to others. Mr. Calcott offers a plain, straightforward record, a quite obviously fair statement, a painstaking presentation of a political situation with which the American mind is necessarily in complete disagreement but in which, convinced as most Americans are of the advantages of an enlightened democracy over other forms of national life, sympathy goes out at once to the unenlightened majority of Mexico's people. It is an acceptable contribution though one wonders a little at the optimism of some of his conclusions.

By reason of the enforced brevity of a monograph of this character, it is not possible for the author to support his recital of events by an explanatory prelude on the history, tradition, character, and psychology of the human elements whose struggle he is picturing during the brief period of thirty-five years out of centuries. That is inevitable. It remains to reviewers to point out that fact and to other authors to supply the deficiency through original research. There is a consequence therein, however, that would seem to touch very particularly the province of American Catholics since in that combination one should expect understanding of Catholic psychology together with appreciation of American ideals of self-government. Although our author does not agree with this view, it is the firm opinion of some writers who have studied Mexico in the light of Spain, of what is known of the native civilization prior to the conquest, and of the institutions of self-governing peoples, that the principal conflict in Mexico's development has truly centered in a struggle for power between the local conservative elements of Spain (the higher officials and the higher clergy traditionally opposed each to the other in matters affecting the native, but outwardly united in Spanish policy) and the growing middle class composed of creoles, mestizos, and some Spanish elements—"liberal," even "radical" in tendency, opposed to both state and Church, opposed also to both Spaniard and Indian; with both sides using the dull, patient mass to raise armies or swell ballots.

One must not confuse all revolutionary strivings with assertion of democratic principles. The Indian had no notion of what it all meant and has not advanced very much further today. It is not unlikely that in the very early days, before community of language, the Indian in many cases looked upon baptism and profession of faith as an act of allegiance to the conquerors (whatever in his dull and suffering mind they might stand for) rather than as a sacrament, though he is tenacious today of his religious forms. In the continual struggle between great landowners for his enslaved body and the better element of the clergy for his soul and bodily liberty as well, with economic theories conflicting with spiritual and educational ideals, it is not astonishing if education in our sense made no such general advance amongst the masses as has been possible in our more favored democracy. Church property, special privileges, vested interests,

Church and State in Mexico: 1822-1857, by Wilfrid Hardy Calcott. Durham, North Carolina: Duke University Press.

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formed in time an important feature of the struggle if not its very centre, always to the detriment of the masses, for all too often special interests or opinions were confused with religion.

It would be totally unfair to classify all who have opposed special political privileges of the clergy, or sought to circumscribe their power in economic matters, as primarily anti-religious. Bishops and priests have occupied administrative office in government. Priests have taken part in, and led revolution. From the beginning they have taken as great and the same kind of part in politics as they have in Ireland, as they have in France. Some of their political activities have been unimpeachable; some certainly questionable. That there have been periods of wide-spread deterioration among the clergy is indisputable. One does not need to go outside for evidence nor further than the reform records of the Church. These are facts. Denial of them must astonish the Mexican hierarchy who are bearing the burden of an inherited situation of singular difficulty, and who, while insisting on their inalienable rights, are surely well aware of the ultimate causes of the crisis.

In all this struggle for power between political parties and chieftains there has been quite truly a persistent trend toward democracy, but democracy as understood by the makers of the French Revolution, not at all as it is understood by the founders of the United States. This rather visionary and nebulous trend of thought achieved its great triumph in the Constitution of 1857. The gains for democracy in that instrument are nevertheless an abstraction. They do not exist in fact; and that, not because the Constitution has not been given an opportunity to function, as is claimed by those who resurrected it, but because it is unworkable in practice. Whatever their faults, those who ruled Mexico in the ensuing forty years knew that and chose to govern extra-constitutionally with a semblance of order, peace, and prosperity until some measure of comprehension of constitutional government should pervade future generations. The Constitution of 1857 is unworkable because its spirit is more earnestly directed to suppression and to restrictions affecting particular cases than to the defining and inculcation of broad principles for the inspiration of particular legislation, or of legislation applicable to all; to the safeguarding of all rights and protection of ordered liberties; and, finally, to the facilitation of true expression of an enlightened public will. Its good features cannot be brought into play since the whole is vitiated. Before even a balanced constitution can be made to function (and one does not include in that category the latest addition to the list) it will be necessary for Mexicans of all classes to learn something of the practical application of the fundamental principles demanded by the form of government which they have chosen—a form based theoretically, though not practically, upon our own, but as foreign to the tradition and present condition of Mexico as any system could be.

The crisis in Mexico is not only a conflict between religion and anti-religious forces; not only a struggle between local Church organization and the state; not only an economic problem of Church property and mortmain and tradition of special privilege; it is not only a socialistic experiment by political theorists of a not very high order; it is not honestly a question of present improper clerical activity in politics, as alleged.

The whole disjointed and inappropriate Mexican system is cracking and cannot be repaired or reconstructed except by the Mexicans themselves, and then only when they have learned the first principles of self-government; when they have learned the meaning of the form of government they have chosen as desirable. Until then the Constitution is useless and its enforcement can only lead to disorders and retrogression. The Mexicans have before them a formidable task and the Mexican hierarchy have made a giant stride forward in the political development of their people by the manner in which they have met their problem. They have shown themselves to be clearer political thinkers than the present Mexican government.

There was a time when Catholics of the United States easily might have given valuable assistance through their lay organizations, if we had possessed knowledge of the facts or interest in them. Possibly we may still have occasion to help, if we reason in the light of facts.

Fortunately, recent agitation is no true measure of Catholic reason. If it were, it would be high time to set our own house in order for there are very interesting and very deep problems in solution in Mexico; deeply interesting problems to all the world quite aside from the present sufferings of our brothers in faith.

The Sunset-Horn from Caerleon

All day the sentry guarded the gates of iron,
That hung above broad stairs of Kentish stone.
The velvet flower of the blue autumn, fading,
Was drenched with dust of battle, seaward blown.

Armored and mailed in the pride of Arthur's order,
And holding aloft the jeweled horn of evening,
Fashioned from elephants' tusks and a stag's jaw-bone,
He stood alone.

And the moat heard, and the fields and the vales of Avalon,
And the waves on the coast, ere they broke into feathers of foam;
And the oaks of the north—the gulls, the eagles and blackbirds,
And the savage pagan hordes, under hut and dome—
All heard, as the sweeping music scoured the gloam:

One rolling, golden flare for their faith in the Father,
One swimming, silver stave for their love for the Son,
Then a blend of strains for their hope in the Holy Spirit,
And the sunset-horn from Caerleon was done. . . .

The great gates, closing, sang in their iron might,
The iron heels of the sentry merged with the night.

J. Corson Miller.

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THE ART OF BEURON

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

IN SO far as art is to serve religion in the United States, it must very likely reckon with circumstances which grow out of the fact that our time is essentially different from those historical epochs in which ecclesiastical building and painting flourished notably. For instance, it is difficult to believe that the church can ever become a "community centre" in our modern cities, as it was a community centre in the mediaeval town. Experiments like that now being incorporated in the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine are interesting and commendable, but a distinct archaeological aroma—a sense that somebody has deliberately set out to achieve a thing which in another age happened naturally—hangs over the enterprise. Nor does our age, which reads and arrives at its own conclusions, seem to permit an educational synthesis in stone and decoration. Moreover, all truly "modern" art is subjective, for the simple reason that society is not organic; and even if the community desired to express its corporate religious conviction and feeling, it might be difficult to find artists who would realize its purpose. And so one may, perhaps, safely conclude that beauty in the service of religion now means (what, of course, it always meant fundamentally) simply an urge to honor God and a means to inculcate devotion. Ecclesiastical art can do both of these things; it must do them, if it is to be more than idle ornamentation.

These thoughts are brought to mind by the exposition of Beuron art now being staged at various places in the United States under the personal supervision of Dom Raphael Walzer, archabbot of the Beuronese Congregations. It is to be regretted that the hazards incident to voyaging precluded bringing any work excepting such objects as can be supplied on a commercial basis. The spectator will see a variety of charming and characteristic bas-reliefs, executed in metals; a remarkable collection of plastic figures carved with infinite care in ivory; a number of reverently fashioned chalices and other sacred vessels; and a considerable variety of reproductions from some of the more famous Beuronese paintings. But he will, unavoidably, miss the ensemble and the glorious suggestiveness of this art as an endeavor to express the whole liturgical life of the Church in architecture and decoration. It is curious to note, meanwhile, how little significance has been attached to the word "Beuron" in the United States. We may hope that the present endeavor to advertise it a little will bring the whole subject to attention.

Beuron is one of the most interesting abbeys in Europe. To one who, like the present writer, knows the spot only through descriptions and photographs, it means a vast, quaintly gabled house of peace, built beside the upper Danube and frowned upon by precipitous chalky cliffs. There are the well-tilled fields demanded by Saint Benedict's rule and by German thrift. Choral song is luminous there, because it early became one of the abbey's chief tasks to restore liturgical singing to the glory and purity of olden days. But for our present purpose, Beuron is primarily the place to which an artist of unusual energy and inspiration came after he had begun to realize that the beauty he particularly admired had a religious meaning—a mystical truth, if that phrase be permissible. Peter Lenz was forty-four years old when he joined the Benedictine Order in 1876 and received the name of Desiderius. He had studied under various masters, had profited by a traveling scholarship, and had been led by the natural bent of his temperament to explore the secrets of Egyptian and early Grecian art. But his first notable attempt at creative expression was made at Beuron, to which he had come as a layman. This was also, in a manner not customary in the history of art, a synthesis of the work he was later to carry through as well as of work projected but never completed.

The Saint Maurus Chapel at Beuron reminds one, at first sight, of those primitive Christian baptisteries the ruins of which modern archaeological research has restored to view. A simple gabled roof, supported by two obelisk-like pillars and crowned with a turret that suggests rather directly certain California missions, does not immediately indicate that it shelters notable treasure. But one is struck with the prominence which this tiny structure maintains in the face of its tremendous environment of towering bluffs. The artist has definitely solved that first great architectural problem which is site. And upon closer inspection one sees that all other difficulties have been surmounted as well—that this chapel is a poetic and liturgical unit, in which every detail of frieze, fresco and decoration has been wedded, with a hand which for all its iron was nevertheless warm with love, to the central theme. P. Desiderius Lenz had mastered all the arts—building, painting, plastic decoration. This universality is the first characteristic of the man's genius.

The two great frescos in the chapel are a Crucifixion which serves as the altar-piece, and a Madonna which surmounts the entrance. Although both are relatively softer in outline than most of P. Lenz's later works (owing, it is said, to the influence of a collaborator, P. Gabriel Wüger) they establish what may be termed the genre of Beuron mural painting. A tall representation of Christ on the Cross is flanked on both sides with the figures of mystical saints, above whom there is a concordant row of adoring angels. Unity is achieved, not by recourse to dramatic effect, but by composition —that is, we see, not a group picture, but a synthetic thought; not a Calvary, but an "unending mystical sac-

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rifice." How directly this artistic conception runs counter to notions introduced by the renaissance and now debased in the numberless versions of commercial art need not be stressed; but it is true that the untrained observer is likely to stare at the picture a little uncomprehendingly. On the other hand, it is impossible to escape the majestic serenity, the holy peace, which streams from these luminous images. Nature is here transfigured as Christian belief divines that it shall be transfigured on the last day. Grossness is removed, but the subject is not diluted into a thin symbol. Even the radiant colors, which are strong and secure, seem to belong to a world washed clear of mists and miasmas—a world as bright as a cool, full day.

The reproductions of these pictures and many others conceived in the same style are on display in the present Beuron exposition. When they are thus isolated from their natural surroundings, they inevitably lose much of the power and appeal which belong to art when it is at home. None the less, these reproductions are most interesting and so far superior to much that passes for "religious" lithographing that they are well worth examining for their own sake, quite apart from the light they throw on the art concepts of P. Lenz and his associates. The untiring Benedictine had found in the art of ancient Egypt the reflection of a life intimately formed by religion, of a time when the balance between spirit and matter was still heavily in favor of the first. But form—that which is the reflection of the spirit in matter—was first realized by the Greeks, whose divination has awed every modern artist worthy of the name. Christianity, finally, had been the mystical coronation of the antique world and had something to say which prior to the time of the Redeemer had remained unspoken. If therefore, said P. Lenz, one could combine the three things—the purpose of Egypt, the form of Greece, and the mystical certainty of Christian Europe—one would achieve that art which is best calculated to serve religion in the modern world by rendering homage to God and inculcating devotion.

Native mysticism and a Benedictine mind were gifts which P. Lenz humbly attributed to grace. Form was, however, a scientific problem which continued to baffle him. The search of the ages for the Greek law of proportion became his ceaseless personal quest, and after many years he felt that he had made the great discovery. This, formulated as the "canon" of order, became his firm rule and now designates more patently than anything else the character of Beuron art. It is an application to the human figure, and secondarily to other subjects, of a geometrical norm which eliminates excrescences and superfluities and realizes the ideal "type" to which, in accordance with Beuronese theory, all genuine art must conform. Remarkably enough, this norm combines the essence of Goethe's conclusions about antique sculpture with a lofty mystical symbolism. We need not concern ourselves with the spirited controversy which has grown up round the "canon." Such a norm would, no doubt, be out of place in art which did not strive to be hieratic, spiritual, liturgical. But as P. Lenz conceived of and applied it, the "canon" may be compared with those programmatic "exercises" which Ignatius Loyola proposed as the norm of religious life, without thereby destroying individuality or spiritual fervor.

In the spirit of this synthesis, P. Lenz and his "school of art" worked enthusiastically and indefatigably. Their most elaborate task was the decoration of the crypt and torretta at Montecassino. Here the object was to realize a liturgical ensemble, and at the same time to portray, in blended legend and symbol, the story of Saint Benedict. Many of the most attractive Beuronese reproductions are patterned after this work and convey the strength and charm of the originals. Other undertakings were the decoration of the monastery of Emmaus in Prague, and of the abbey of Sao Paolo in Brazil. Meanwhile monastic artists had developed to a remarkable degree of proficiency the arts of casting in bronze and goldsmithing. Expression in liturgical details became more and more noteworthy, but no opportunity came to fashion a complete church in the Beuron style, although careful plans for such a church were drawn up by P. Lenz. An American wishing to test the appropriateness of Beuronese decoration to his own environment has an opportunity to do so by visiting the little-known priory of Saint Anselm, hidden away in a particularly chaotic part of the Bronx, New York City. Here are some fine and very typical frescoes, the mellow golds, indigoes and olive greens of which are a delight to the eye, even as the unearthly radiance of the figures is a solace to the soul.

It has been a great labor, which now seems ready to blossom into a second stage of creative activity. Although a master of the stature of P. Lenz is not to be found in every decade, the Beuron environment has not, and will not, prove sterile. I have no doubt that relations of an abidingly fruitful sort will soon connect the peaceful German abbey with the stress of the United States. There are many reasons why this should be so, but one simple, affecting little reason may profitably be mentioned here. Among the articles on display there is an exquisite ivory image of the Madonna with her feet upon the earth. The immaculate purity of this slender figure, from which every taint of earth has been removed by the artist's transcendently mystical inspiration, calls to mind so vividly the especial patronage under which our nation achieves its destiny that one longs to believe that it will be adopted by the United States as its particularly beloved image of the Virgin. P. Lenz is now well beyond ninety years of age, and is said to have immersed himself more and more deeply into the Marian devotion which has always been one beautiful source of his energy. And therefore, in a charming mystical way, this venerable master of art who delved so steadily into the giant secrets of the past without dissipating either his peace of heart or his autochthonous Germanic quality, may be said to have gained his citizenship among ourselves.

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PSYCHIC PROFITEERING

By J. B. M. CLARK

THE question of how far it is possible to introduce the principle of profit-making with propriety into the handling of mental or psychic cases is one about which little is heard meantime, but which will undoubtedly press itself to the forefront as time goes on. The only alternative to the private profit-making sanitarium offered today to those mentally afflicted is the state hospital. And even the most ardent champion of state ownership will scarcely contend that the state hospital, as we see it here and now, is the place to which we would care to commit those dear to us. Such institutions are in the main places where our less fortunate brethren are experimented upon, positively in the case of those whose troubles are hereditary or traceable to the ravages of drink, drugs, or venereal disease, who are dosed and inoculated to the satisfaction of every new theory; and negatively as regards those suffering from minor and temporary afflictions, who are simply left severely alone.

The private sanitarium therefore is, and will continue to be until the right class of people take the matter in hand, the resort of the man or woman suffering a temporary breakdown, where (theoretically) they may rest secure from the rush and worry of the times, surrounded by every material and bodily comfort and convenience; and where, far from the madding crowd, in a peaceful environment amid beautiful flowers and foliage, erring and unfortunate sons and daughters are gradually weaned away from their sorrows and reconciled to a tacit submission to their lot in life. This to a certain extent the private sanitarium succeeds in doing. But a little investigation shows very clearly that to leave such enterprises in the hands of "merchant venturers" is fundamentally unsound, and that a good deal of adjustment is needed to bring them into line not only with the findings of psychoanalysis, but with the dictates of common sense.

To begin with, it is apparent that establishments having as the primary cause of their existence the making of profits for private individuals, suffer at the outset from the serious handicap of having to concern themselves with dividends, an imposition that immediately tends to conflict with their curative functions, inasmuch as it is necessary to have such places well filled with patients in order to make them pay, and to keep these patients there as long as possible. To state the case in another way, if the institutions cure their patients and send them home quickly they are in danger of going bankrupt. In plain English, a premium is put upon keeping hold of the patient as long as possible. Of course, as George Bernard Shaw pointed out long since, the same may be said to apply to the ordinary medical practitioner, who has every reason for hoping that people will fall ill and remain so, since if everyone keeps well he is bound to starve. And I think Mr. Shaw added, in his own inimitable fashion, that a collection of lunatics could hardly make a more ridiculous arrangement.

A study of the methods of these sanitariums makes it clear enough that the doctors and officials in charge, finding themselves thus on the horns of a dilemma that is really bound up with our antiquated economic system and for which they do not feel themselves responsible, proceed along the lines of least resistance in dealing with the problem. The thing that (naturally enough) bulks most largely in their minds is their own bread and butter. If the institution does not pay they will lose their jobs. To keep a full house means either a steady supply of new patients or keeping hold of patients already secured as long as possible. Since the supply of new patients is always an uncertain quantity and may generally be supposed to lie outside the sphere of influence of the officials in question, they naturally turn to the other alternative and strive to make the most of patients already secured. And for this they are possibly not altogether to blame.

From the nature of the treatment that has been recognized as standard in mental cases for many years, such a procedure is not, as a rule, difficult of accomplishment. What is known as the "rest cure" consists for the most part in stuffing the patient with rich foods, giving him little or nothing to do that calls for the exercise of his mental faculties, and encouraging him toward physical endeavors in the way of walks or games. "The sane mind in the sound body" is the basic maxim of this philosophy. A long process of time has always been assumed to be essential to such cures, so that a few weeks more or less in any individual case is generally a matter easy of arrangement, and in view of the revenue inducement quite a natural step. Such an inducement, however, should most emphatically not be present or be allowed to play any part whatsoever in such decisions.

Because of this error in fundamentals, the whole machinery of these institutions is getting rapidly out of date. An altogether false interpretation is put upon the adage about the sane mind and the sound body above referred to, and the originator of the saying, whether Latin sage or otherwise, would possibly be staggered at the modern attempts to apply the principle literally and in wholesale fashion to all kinds of mental cases, and at the preposterous supposition that you have simply to fatten a man, as you might fatten a hog or a goose, in order to remove nervous distress consequent upon financial troubles, an unfaithful wife, repression, or thwarted ambition. Shakespeare, with his deeper knowledge of human nature, expressed the case much more properly when he said: "'Tis the

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mind that makes the body rich." A healthy and vigorous mind can work wonders on a diseased body, as our psychiatrists might have learned by this time from Christian Science and faith healers. But that a fat body is something that is going to help mental troubles is a superstition that ought to receive its quietus forthwith. Only to a very limited extent can the body be said to enrich the mind. It is only decent that this fact should be frankly and courageously admitted and faced.

It may as well be confessed too, since most of the doctors in sanitariums are well aware of it, that segregation with others similarly afflicted is just about the worst thing in the world for mental cases of the kind covered by the modern term "nervous breakdown." To surround a man who has become morbid or melancholy from real or fancied troubles with others who are more morbid or melancholy than himself is both foolish and dangerous. The sights and scenes witnessed in these establishments as matters of every-day routine are harrowing in the extreme even to those in robust health, and the fact is well enough established that attendants and even doctors themselves frequently suffer by such contact. What, then, is to be expected of the disordered or morbidly sensitive mind staggering beneath a load of real or fancied troubles, with reason itself trembling in the balance? We need expect nothing more than we actually find in many cases—people getting worse instead of better, becoming confirmed in their delusions instead of getting rid of them, and carrying the scars (mental and physical) of these experiences with them to the grave.

For let it be remembered that the man who is "committed" to such a place by well-meaning friends or relatives acting under "medical advice," is automatically stripped of all his civil rights and is as helpless as a child. Anger, expostulation, threats, and even tears, avail nothing, and indeed are but considered as further proof of mental aberration; and until the unfortunate patient learns that only by behaving in what is known as a "normal" fashion in such places (and where the standard came from heaven only knows) by eating heavily and putting on weight, lounging around doing nothing, walking soberly with ridiculous processions of his fellow-sufferers, or manifesting interest in games or sports which somebody else thinks it is his duty to like, can he hope to obtain the longed-for release, he will just have to bear his captivity with what patience he may.

The anguish occasioned to active and intellectual men (to say nothing of delicate and sensitive women) by this absurd line of action is often shocking in the extreme, as can readily be imagined; and when to this is coupled fees of the appalling kind necessary to maintain the huge overhead charges involved in the running of such establishments, we need not wonder at finding the patient getting little comfort at the prospect of his life savings rapidly melting away, or in seeing his dear ones running themselves short to meet bills he knows it would be better not to incur. The point is too obvious to need laboring.

It is devoutly to be hoped, therefore, that psychology will get itself out of swaddling-clothes as speedily as possible and straighten out a situation that cannot continue much longer without results that will bring the whole body of psychiatrists into serious disrepute. Whether or not they as a body yet "recognize" the theories of Freud and Jung or the researches of Swift, Edson, and other painstaking workers, it is clear enough even to the layman that the true line of endeavor in mental cases is something altogether different from what is found to be standard practice in many institutions, where patients might be stuffed and spray-bathed till the crack of doom without real or permanent benefit.

Dr. Orr Edson, in his book, Getting What We Want, cites the case of a young girl whom he took from a public institution (where she would likely have spent the rest of her days but for his intervention) and brought round to normality in a matter of a few weeks simply by the application of a little common sense and human kindness. He did not concern himself so much with the way in which her trouble manifested itself (she pranced about with uncouth noises in imitation of a horse) but went after the root cause of her distress which did not prove hard to discover. She had simply fallen into poverty and been too sorely thwarted in her dearest wishes. The kindness, sympathy, understanding, and patience exhibited in the handling of that case command our respect and admiration, and shine forth with dazzling brightness amid all the humbug that calls itself "professional etiquette," laissez-faire, clinging to soft jobs, and do-nothingism in which psychiatry is meantime enshrouded.

We cannot, of course, hold the psychiatrist responsible for the economic system that puts him in so false a position, but on the other hand he must do his share in bringing about that better ordering of society for which there is such crying need. He has got to see to it that the business man, with his eternal self-seeking, is not allowed to step in and commercially exploit the sufferings or the weaknesses of humanity, nor must he follow this course himself. For if psychiatrists as a body do not tell us just what the trouble is and where the blame lies they will undoubtedly be called on sooner or later to shoulder the responsibility themselves.

Croesus

You pity me—I do not envy you
The splendid playthings that your gold has bought;
Your every wish is gratified too soon;
Your pleasures must be frantically sought.

While I, a beggar, walk among the stars
With heart serene because my wants are few;
I have the peace you lost, the dreams you sold—
You pity me? I do not envy you!

MEDORA C. ADDISON.

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THE INVALID MIND

By THOMAS L. MASSON

AS THE mind is one of those elastic abstractions assumed to be like some sort of vapor, which floats about in the interstices of the nervous system, we are, perhaps, too likely to think of it as without any identity. We know it can suffer, or at least we take an ostentatious pride in believing that it can; and likewise it has a kind of method of being occasionally joyful. Poets who have passed more than eight hours a day in consorting with their minds have exclaimed, "My mind to me a kingdom is!" and have used similar expressions to show that the mind may be a domain in which one can wander about and pick daisies and sunflowers.

And I suppose that the ego, as we have come to term it, is the sole proprietary inhabitant of the mind; a keeper of sorts, dwelling intermittently in an improvised porter's lodge. He must, however, be asleep more than half the time, judging by the wild things that creep in and raise hob.

Yet I timidly suggest that the mind may not be any such thing as all this. Whatever it was in times past, when everybody had to work for a living, the mind is now but little better than an invalid. It has to be fed with pap and gruel, and petted and cajoled and doped. The curious part is that the mind does not seem to know this. It thinks it thinks.

It is proper now for me to observe, and to impress upon everyone, that just because a thing is invisible, doesn't mean that it is any less real. Dear me, on the contrary! The philosophers have set us right in that respect. When you see anything, it isn't there. When you don't see it, its reality is proved. The rule is simple—never be in any doubt about anything you cannot see; it is, apparently, the only thing which is there.

We may not be able to define the mind, but what of that? That proves that it is one. We may not be able to do anything more than fancy it as a kind of personal cloud that contracts and expands inside of us—makes our heart beat faster, catches ideas as they float by, and makes us believe we see and hear things. Yet the best way to know it, or to think we do, is, after all, the way of all invalids—by symptoms. And when your mind is tired and sick and worn out, then you must realize that you have an invalid on your hands.

Here again, however, I must do some more explaining. It must not be thought that the metaphor I have used for convenience, of the mind lolling in bed, etc., is literally true. For the philosophers have also taught us that when we are trying to describe an invisible thing we can take as many liberties as we like, and use any material object to convey our meaning. And so we can picture the mind as anything we want to, so long as we can come thus to feel what it is. It is not unusual, for instance, for an entire audience of invalid minds to be gathered together under one roof, as at a movie performance; or say an authors' reading. It is also a matter of common evidence that the more robust the body that holds it, the greater may be the invalid inside. The body, after all, is merely an assembled mass of stage properties which go to make up the outward personality. Thus a mean little under-nourished mind, incapable of taking words of more than one syllable, may be skulking inside of a sky-scraping body.

Also, it may be, I trust, tactfully observed that an invalid mind which floats about inside of an imposing personality, may be cunning enough in its invalidism to use that personality as a kind of screen to mask its own inferiority. As this is a painful subject, however, I shall pursue it no further.

As for any invalid, the worst of it is (especially if he is a blood relation like one's mind) you cannot get rid of him. How many times do you wish you could sound the fire alarm and put him out; for his devastations are too evident. Or even if you could send for an ambulance and have him carted off to the hospital! No matter where you go, there he is, inside of you, sitting up in bed calling for entertainment or adulterated foods (tabloids?). There is no use telling him what a nuisance he is. That only serves to make him worse.

And as weak and miserable and restless and peevish as he may be, it is your job to keep him bolstered up in bed, and personally and constantly dance attendance upon him. You cannot even trust him when you are asleep, for at any moment he may wake up and tell you what a dream he has had. He is the one insistent bore from whom there is no escape at any time of the day or night.

That our minds of today are all chronic invalids must be evident to anyone. If you request one of them to show you the way to go anywhere, he will sink back in his pillows and tell you to consult a guidebook. If these invalid minds of ours indeed wish to be informed about anything, they ring for the nurse, who may be an ego dolled up for the service, and ask to have it sprayed into them; and there are best-seller sprays—art and music sprays—sprays for each and every cult.

Reason, which at one time was supposed to sit on a throne in the mind, long ago abdicated in favor of a republic of anodynes. Any course of instruction or recreation which the mind wishes to know about, is thus injected into it by a specialist. Predigested culture is the order of the day and night.

Even an invalid, however, can be tolerated and en-

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joyed and kept in his place—disciplined to depend upon his own interior resources. Not so the mind. He depends upon outsiders for all supplies, and pays only with renewed demands. And if, in practical life, there are invalids who are quiet, docile; who sleep away the days without annoyance to others, unfortunately the mind—which is ready to imitate almost anything—refuses to follow this example. It grows more restless by what it is fed upon, and if you quiet it with a divorce-court proceeding, immediately demands another. Begin with a murder trial a week, and it demands one every day. If you ask it to dress itself in simple clothing, it will lie back and pant at the idea. It adores cosmetics, make-up preparations, the latest odors—and is particularly fond of wearing masks. These it loves to change, so that one day it will be labeled psychology, another music, another art, etc. Behind the mask, the invalid mind takes catnaps and eats nut sundaes.

The curious thing is that all minds, when they start out in life, have no intention of becoming invalids. Not only have they a wholesome, natural curiosity about everything, but they love to exert themselves, just for the joy of exercise and life, for the growing feeling of self-reliance and service. Not only is this true, but they scorn help. A beginning mind, say two or three years of age, will actually cut up a sawdust doll to find out at first hand what is inside. But a mind of, say eight or nine, just starting out to feel the first febrile flush of adolescent invalidism, will always accept the doll at its face value, as a standardized type of manufactured sentimentality.

How can you tell an invalid mind? In various ways. One way is that it succeeds at everything. Its success was tried out in factory and laboratory before it got it. Having been brought up from infancy on text-books, canned music, chromo-art, tabloid news, and police reports, it reflects every symptom of the universal malady called civilization. It lies peevishly upon this Procrustean bed of misinformation and varies its cries from anodyne to anodyne.

Simple Thrift

If it is not the same with us as then,
If life has altered what we thought would stand
Forever fruitful, shall we turn again
Furrows of starved earth in a barren land?
There was a time of sowing when we tossed
Our seed on any stony field unplowed,
Caring not greatly for a harvest lost,
Magnificently prodigal and proud.

But we learn wisdom as the years increase,
Husband our yield and know it need not fall
Entirely to the season's first caprice.
Better a plot of ground, however small,
Fit for the undisputed scythe to reap,
Than many acres given to the sheep.

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS.

PRAGMATIC PIETY

By PAUL HANLY FURFEY

PROBABLY few of us have read many saints' lives without a certain mixture of feelings. We honor them as the perfect exemplars of the Christian life; yet we wonder whether this very perfection did not rob them of a certain human quality which we look for in our friends, whether it did not render them a little too bright and good to be human nature's daily food. The saints were admirable in their place, no doubt, but weren't they possibly a bit difficult socially?

There is something to be said for this view. The most insupportable of bores is the one who persists in introducing religion irrelevantly into the conversation; and the saints were quite as ready to preach the word out of season as in season. We dislike people who are gloomy and over-serious; and the saints never for a moment lost their overpowering consciousness of sin—never for a moment relaxed their grim spirit of mortification. We look upon a man as a weakling if he neglects to stand up for his rights, yet the saints took a perverse joy in doing precisely that.

Critics of Christian morality have been quick to seize upon such considerations, none perhaps more effectively than William James in his Varieties of Religious Experience. James's pragmatic test is really a very good rough test of value, if one does not push it too far; and that entertaining philosopher uses it brilliantly in his critique of sanctity. A good moral code ought certainly to work well in every-day life. But the Christian code, when one carries it out to its logical conclusion as the saints did, unfits a man for the give and take of our common lot. So runs the argument.

However plausible this logic may appear, there is one fact which refutes it unanswerably, positively, finally. For the contemporaries of the saints, who knew them intimately, found them altogether charming. The saints had enemies but they were men who did not know them well, or who had selfish reasons for disliking them. But those who really knew the saints were almost always wholly fascinated. One thinks of Jeanne d'Arc and the rough French troops, of Francis de Sales and his converts, of Paul and the elders at Ephesus, of Bernard with Europe at his feet. Varied types of holiness, yet all equally lovable in the eyes of their contemporaries.

This leaves us facing an interesting paradox. We find certain qualities distasteful to our friends. The saints had these qualities in a superlative degree. And the result, contrary to expectation, is altogether delightful. Logic tells us the saints ought to have been bores; but history tells us they were charming. Mr. James is right in theory; but the facts are all against him.

As a clue to the answer consider the Christian virtue of meekness. Meekness does not mean turning the other cheek when one does not dare do anything else. For meekness is a virtue and virtue implies freedom of choice. If one submits because one has to submit it is no virtue. It is merely parallel to the slinking of the cur before the stick. Meekness means submitting when one has strength and courage enough not to submit, if he so chose. Meekness, then, depends for its very essence on the presence of the opposite virtue, or rather the complementary virtue, of courage. Without courage there can be no meekness; and without superlative courage there cannot be superlative meekness. Uriah Heep and Francis of Assisi are worlds apart.

And so with the other Christian virtues. Poverty is not ad-

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mirable in one who is too shiftless to make a decent living. The case is quite different when a saint turns his patrimony over to the poor and becomes a voluntary beggar. Forgiveness is not particularly attractive in a man who has not sufficient strength of character to enforce his rights. The liturgy celebrates a saint as one "qui potuit transgredi et non est transgressus."

The virtues can only be appreciated properly when they are taken all together, when meekness tempers courage and courage tempers meekness, when mercy takes the sting from justice and justice strengthens mercy. Now the peculiar glory of the saints is that they had just this balance. They were passionate enough to be pure and daring enough to be meek.

This somewhat obvious fact seems altogether to escape the critics of Christian morality. They turn the fires of their criticism on one virtue at a time. Certainly any virtue run wild rapidly degenerates into a vice. But the distinctive thing about the saints was that they did not stop at one virtue. That is the precise reason they were saints. It is also the reason why their friends found them delightful companions. And it is the reason why Christian morality is so triumphantly pragmatic.

COMMUNICATIONS

NATIONAL DRAMA WEEK

Pittsburgh, Pa.

TO the Editor:—Since you permitted Ernest F. Boddington to take as the basis of his article on National Drama Week the letter which I sent out in my capacity as chairman of the occasion, perhaps you will permit me to point out how he arrives at the conclusion that the motivation of the appeal is "very impulsive, not to say hysterical." Whether these two words are not rather appropriate for his own reasoning than for mine may be left for your readers to judge.

First, my letter happened to confine itself in one page to pointing out that the "legitimate" theatre by and large in America is disappearing, little old New York to the contrary notwithstanding. Mr. Boddington found that it served his charge of "hysteria" better by not quoting my substantiating figures; namely, that the 1,500 legitimate theatres of before the war have dwindled to 674.

Second, what seemed to me a platitude in my letter—"The fact that not a single first-rate actor in America is attempting to draw audiences with Shakespeare is a commentary in a nutshell"—Mr. Boddington says is "all very impulsive," because it is an ungracious commentary on the "continuous efforts" of Walter Hampden, Jane Cowl, Rollo Peters, John Barrymore, and David Warfield. Let us see what your contributor's idea of "continuous efforts" is. None of these actors has appeared in Shakespeare this season; Jane Cowl had been until a fortnight ago out of a play for months and her record is limited to Romeo and Juliet, unless you wish to include her failure in Antony and Cleopatra; Walter Hampden has given up the road altogether, and temporarily even Shakespeare, for New York; John Barrymore has been in the movies for almost two years; Rollo Peters simply does not count; and David Warfield who lost heaps of his own and Belasco's money with The Merchant of Venice, Warfield's only Shakespearean venture, has not acted in anything for some years.

Third, "While in America zoos for the maintenance of queer animals regularly receive municipal appropriations, the theatre is left to debauching commercial traffic; in every city of Germany, the theatre ranks with the schools as a jealously guarded interest of the community as a whole." Your contributor takes this as a "grudging their feed to the animals at the zoo," but I venture to think not—only that we love the zoo less and the theatre more.

Fourth, Edwin Booth, continues your critic, was not affected by the "debauching commercial traffic" in the theatre. Exactly, he wasn't. That is my point, not Mr. Boddington's. He would do better to explain why what he calls the "courageous efforts of Walter Hampden" are shunted to meagre support uptown that the New York stage may be given over to an orgy of filth.

Fifth, out of over sixty topics suggested by the Drama League for discussion and not as pronunciamenta, this calm critic pounces upon The Evils and Absurdities of Censorship and finds it "confusing." That a well-informed critic should not know that there are evils and absurdities in censorship or that the subject is somehow not to be discussed seems to me a mental limitation. However, the same list suggests other safer topics like Use of Drama by the Church to Counteract its Misuse by the World; Censorship, an Evasion of Moral Responsibility; Religious Lessons in Secular Drama, etc. In the same issue of The Commonweal, the editor says of the issues surrounding censorship that "no adequate solution has been found."

Sixth, "They [the actors] are not perishing, they are prospering; they are not begging, they are giving." If a provincial said as much, he might conceivably be forgiven, but with many road theatres closing for good and others closing for weeks at a time, even from the hinterland, The Commonweal should demand accurate information. But for a New Yorker to say that the actors are "prospering" and not "begging" is not impulsive or hysterical; it just is not true. When actresses and actors like Jane Cowl, Laurette Taylor, Lionel Atwill, and Frank McGlynn are idle for months at a time; when Mr. Frank Gillmore of the Actors' Equity Association, moved by the clamors of actors all about him, is hard put to discover a scheme of rotating three plays on a carefully elaborated circuit of selected cities and appeals to the Drama League to provide some kind of financial guarantee; when the Theatre Guild, dissatisfied with the management of its valuable properties on the road, turns for bookings to a concert impresario as a last resource; when fine American plays like The Wisdom Tooth kick the bucket in Boston after two weeks out of New York—well, if your critic does not find "dramatic art perishing of neglect in America" or cannot see why my call is "doleful," at least, he should not conclude that I am hysterical.

Seventh, if Mr. Boddington knew something of logic, he would not make the mistake of thinking that because an issue is not in its presentation cluttered with irrelevancies, the issue itself may be challenged. If I say that good apples are not selling well throughout the country, and a critic takes me to task by pointing out that good apples are being grown and sell fairly well in New York City, I refuse to be impressed. George Kelly has, indeed, written two good plays that, by the way, have not known the crowded houses on the road that were the rule in Times Square; and Eugene O'Neill has stirred high-brows on Broadway when the theatre was as small as the Garrick, or the play was thought to be "sexy" like Desire Under the Elms, but have his plays ever made a successful tour?

Though as I have said, whether good dramas are being written has nothing to do with the case tra la, I do notice that Barrie, Galsworthy, Shaw, Barker, et al., have just about stopped, and there are at the moment none in England to take their places.

So I repeat, the professional theatre up and down the land is perishing from neglect. That amateurs are flourishing or even that everybody is a better actor than were the old-timers are pleasant things to say, but not to the point.

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Is it not curious that after this critic wrote of the lofty independence of the actor in our day, Miss Eva Le Gallienne in your Town Hall happened to declare, on the contrary, that the dependence of the actor drives him to threats to throw himself out of the window? "Instead of being encouraged to grow, the artist has eternally to beg 'please let me do something' . . ." (New York Times, February 8). Miss Le Gallienne, also, is evidently hysterical for she says, "The American system aims only to get instead of to give and the theatre is not an integral part of national life as it is in most parts of Europe." Though I had asserted in proof of this fact, the municipal support of the theatre in Germany, Miss Le Gallienne "devoted a major part of her address" to a plea for such support in this country, a proposal that Mr. Boddington gratuitously assumes I favor for America.

ELMER KENYON,
Chairman, National Drama Week,
Drama League of America.

WHY THEODORE DREISER LOST THE FAITH

Cambridge, Mass.

TO the Editor:—The Boston Transcript of January 29 published a full-page interview with Mr. Dreiser, in which he expatiated on religion and things in general, in emulation of his fellow-novelist, H. G. Wells. It is always so very interesting to listen to novelists and movie-stars and the like expounding philosophy and religion; one never knows what to expect.

My interest was aroused by this statement: "I made my last confession when I was seventeen. In the confessional I told the priest I was reading Carlyle's French Revolution, and that I had to read some of Macaulay and Michelet. He objected." "Of course," added Mr. Dreiser, "that meant my religion was gone." Of course! If my daughter, at the age of seventeen, told me she was reading Mr. Dreiser's novels, I, being old-fashioned, would object. And that, "of course," would mean the end of paternal authority for her.

But a few queries remain. Why did young Dreiser begin a literary chat about Carlyle in the confessional? And how did the priest—unless he were a critical historical scholar—happen to give this young boy the excellent advice that he should learn history first from more reliable sources than Carlyle, Macaulay, and Michelet? And what has such paternal or educational advice got to do with "religion"? And who told Mr. Dreiser that the casual remarks or counsel of any individual are infallible decisions of the Church? And has Mr. Dreiser been so busy since he was seventeen that he has not had time to find out whether the really great stumbling-block to faith in Catholicism is lack of confidence in certain literary but shallow historians? (Incidentally, I may remark that Macaulay's Essays are taught in a number of Irish Catholic schools, and I know a Christian Brother who has a great admiration for Carlyle's French Revolution; I must tell them of Theodore Dreiser's discovery.) Mr. Dreiser rather gives the show away when he quotes the unfortunate priest who was trying to educate him, as saying: "Of course, the Church is not trying to control your mind; the Church wants to advise you, to help you." What impertinence to try to advise or help Theodore Dreiser (aetatis seventeen)!

One more query or suggestion: As Mr. Dreiser's "religion" is "gone," would it not be more appropriate—not to speak of its being more in good taste—that he should not use "Jesus!" as an exclamation to garnish his future newspaper pronouncements on "religion"?

A. O'R.

THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

The Road to Rome

ROBERT EMMET SHERWOOD has entered the lists of those who joust for an idea under the armor of antiquity. The Road to Rome, which is supposed to be all about Hannibal and why he never entered Rome, after coming within three miles of its gates, has about as much to do with Hannibal as cigarettes have to do with the smoking habits of the old Egyptians. Mr. Sherwood has a doctrine to preach and so disguises it flimsily in the trappings of a period which every stump orator has likened to our own for the last twenty years. As Rome went, so America is going. That is his none too original thesis. As for the method of telling, he has taken some pages from John Erskine and a few from Shaw and a few more from What Price Glory, so that, like the milk in the overcrowded ice-chest, the play has many reminiscent odors as well as its own proper scent.

The story of the play has it that Amytis, the Athenian wife of Fabius Maximus, went forth from Rome, like a not very exalted Judith, to find out what manner of man was this invading Hannibal, and to convince him of the utter futility of life in general and of the capture of Rome in particular. That she succeeds may be attributed by some to the wisdom of her arguments over the breakfast table, but if the very frank situation in the play indicates anything in particular beyond the author's consciousness of "box-office," her success springs from a decidedly more primitive influence. The wig of cleverness which, when it conceals the baldness of misdoings, our critics call "sophistication," hangs over the play at times. But it is that kind of cleverness which begins to pall after the first act, simply because it follows an obvious formula. You know exactly what to expect as each new situation arises, and hence have ample time to appraise what is really being done and said.

Part of the story is legitimate satire, in which Rome, Carthage and Athens, speaking through Fabius, Hannibal and Amytis, express the eternal conflict between inflated civilization, heroic barbarism, and aesthetic mentality. America, Russia and Spain, or perhaps France, might represent the same conflict today. Before 1914, it might have been expressed by England, Germany, and either Italy or Austria. Or you could express it in individual terms by the business man, the soldier, and the artist. To this extent, the play has a pleasingly universal flavor, pointed by its use of modern colloquial dialogue. Civilization has become smug. It has ceased to think. Hence its codes no longer represent intelligent conviction, but simply sheepish acceptance. That does not mean that the codes are wrong, but merely that men have forgotten why they are right—a stupid faith without the support of reason or the excitement of rediscovery. Barbarism also has its instinctive codes, but blind ones as yet, codes never yet thought out and adopted through the expediency of active life and stern necessity. Thus Hannibal seeks further conquest for its own sake, without quite knowing why, whereas Rome, at the other extreme, seeks it through habit. It is the artist and philosopher who can sit back and give to the actions of the other two a careful and astute analysis. And the artist has them at his mercy because they are or have become inarticulate whereas his own agile mind can spin sophistries as well as truth.

Thus you will find both wisdom and folly in the words of Amytis, a passionate revolt against organized stupidity and all the confusion which revolt brings in its early stages. The

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real trouble with the play lies in the fact that Mr. Sherwood has made Amytis his spokeswoman, and that he, as the editor of Life, hardly represents the Athenian spirit at its most mature point. The sophisticates love to call themselves "adult," but more often they stand for the awakening curiosity of a precocious child. Amytis is no goddess of Athenian wisdom. She says many uncannily wise things (what bright child does not?) but she does many exceedingly infantile things.

Thus the second part of the play, its bedroom comedy story, is merely another tale of the bored wife seeking excitement in a neighboring house. That she gets away with it, up to the last curtain, simply indicates the generally childish mentality to which the play keys itself in its many weaker moments. It is about as true to life as the child's fantasy that once he has run away from home, all will be freedom and joy. Unfortunately, the audiences of today are not far wiser than the playwright, so that The Road to Rome, in its total impression, becomes little more than a vicarious means of jumping the traces. You are meant to sympathize with Amytis, who is little better than a flapper wife in search of the cheap thrill of infidelity. That is the bald truth beneath the wig of sophistication. The satire against militarism almost disappears in the artificial glamour thrown about infidelity triumphant.

Jane Cowl as Amytis is more than ever beautiful to look upon, and delightful to hear, but alarmingly inconsistent. She is neither the wife of farce comedy, nor the embodiment of an idea, though she tries to be each in turn. The only thoroughly interesting characterization is Philip Merivale's Hannibal. Until the dismal doldrums of the last half of the last act, he brings to the play its one note of sincerity—the romantic adventurer in the breast of a soldier. Lee Simonson's settings and costumes are gems of semi-realism. But the play, except for its clever satire, is utterly at odds with human experience and is a cheap bid for salacious success.

Sinner

THE rocky road to Dublin is a modern state highway compared to the path of Cynthia Pemberton in her education as sketched by Thompson Buchanan in Sinner. As a play, it concerns itself chiefly with infidelity and such modern drama food. In fact, it starts out with the case of a young girl who prefers unfettered love to marriage, and who accepts a ring only to get her sister-in-law out of a scrape. What it attempts to do, however, is to show the utter uselessness of defying codes which rest on laws of nature and human behavior, and not, as the cackling moderns would have it, on sheer custom. Cynthia Pemberton discovers that it is not easy to straighten out a life begun on the wrong basis. She learns a few wholesome truths as the play progresses, and so does her husband. Indeed, there is too much conscious moralizing at times for the good of the play. The author would have done better to let it tell its own story, which is a self-evident and sound one. But perhaps he felt compelled to balance the extreme frankness of certain situations by a few weighty sermons. More restraint in both directions would have made it a far better and more acceptable play.

And while we are on the subject of these recent marriage plays, isn't it curious that so few writers of either plays or books seem to see the possibility of successful marriage based on mutual respect? Mr. Buchanan valiantly propounds the notion that success comes only when one or the other becomes "boss." He never so much as hints that a woman may be "boss" in some matters, and her husband in others—and that each may have a profound and lasting respect for the domain of the other, thus supplying the only basis for free affection, love and understanding. However, we do see in Mr. Buchanan's theme the impending revolt against the extremes of feminism—and, if you have the leisure or take the time, you may find some interest in linking this up with the growth of dictatorships in governments, in industries and in sports. Chaos is slowly giving birth to its own counter-irritant.

Sinner is the selection of Richard Herndon as the vehicle for Claiborne Foster's return to New York after a considerable road tour in The Patsy. Although it is a play with many faults, it does offer Miss Foster a greater range than she has had before, particularly in the turbulent scenes of the second and third acts when Cynthia faces the consequences of her wrong start. Miss Foster can be as natural and spontaneous as any younger actress on our stage. But she will need more stern direction than that of Allan Dinehart to develop her full power for emotional expression. That she has that power in a large degree, certain moments in the present play confirm. But she has not learned to sustain the effect of inner tension. Too often, she lets a torrent of words and gestures take the place of smouldering intensity or the sense of deep hurt. I venture the guess that three weeks under the guidance of Guthrie McClintic would change all this amazingly. Mr. Dinehart's ability seems limited to putting across rather obvious comedy. Beyond that he lacks sensitiveness.

Mr. Dinehart himself plays the part of Cynthia's husband, and, in that not very exacting rôle, does well. He has a pleasing and manly personality, gives the conviction of sincerity, and has a sure sense for the more downright dramatic situations. Miss Vera Allen, having emerged from the Neighborhood Playhouse group, gives an interesting performance of the weakling sister-in-law, and Merle Maddern makes a young and understanding mother for whom any Cynthia might eventually be grateful. This is decidedly not a play for those who prefer reticence, or who wish to forget the ideas in young people's heads today. But it does carry through a constructive intention. With a little aerating in the middle of the second act, it could present a strong case in comparison with many plays now being offered on Broadway.

The Dark

IT IS a mistake to classify Martin Brown's drama, The Dark, as morbid, for all the impression it leaves of social gloom and disorder. It is a very clever presentation of the profound error in the aesthetical outlook upon life and its duties of a woman who loves beauty, is devoted to her husband for his manly charms, and who is left uprooted and horrified when disfigurement comes upon him. The same excuses are made for discarding worn-out and invalid wives and husbands, and the divorcing of the helplessly crippled or insane, and popular feeling still resents these abandonments. Martin Brown's picture of the wife pursued vainly by her own husband as well as by several lovers presents a side-view into domestic interiors, where aesthetics have taken the place of duties, and where the blooms of youth are the only flowers left to life and human endurance.

Miss Ann Andrews gives a very finished performance of a fashionable woman misled by her complacency and the flatteries of life. Louis Calhern is also excellently cast as her husband. Miss Julia Hoyt plays convincingly a rôle that is highly amusing and thoroughly cynical. In spite of its rather gloomy story, The Dark makes a profitable evening entertainment.

T. W.

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BOOKS

The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $3.50.

Poppies and Mandragora, by Edgar Saltus. New York: Harold Vinal. $2.00.

Personae: Collected Poems of Ezra Pound. New York: Boni and Liveright. $3.50.

Collected Poems, by A. E. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.75.

IN OLD days it was considered an act of critical piety to descend to the shores of Lethe and reverently gather up the disjecta membra poetae, the flotsam and jetsam scattered on the tide passing into the great mains of time. Poets were thus collected at their death and fame affirmed or denied in a sort of last judgment. Today death seems to come too slowly to many of our premature immortals and the publishers' shelves are bulging heavily with the collected and selected poetry of young men and women who may still be seen dancing the light fantastic in the early afternoons of a day that is far from an end.

Of course, this does not at all apply to Emily Dickinson, who is already in eternity (Peace to her sweet soul!). She neither recollected nor collected her poems, and had to wait for four years after her death before Mrs. Loomis and Thomas W. Higginson published her poems in 1890. And they still blaze with the light of her spirit and still strike home at the hearts of readers of every class, particularly magazine poets who use her methods and borrow her moods with amazingly successful results. Even the late Amy Lowell declared: "Bless you, I would somersault all day if by so doing I might stay with her." What an open window upon her little garden is this volume of her Complete Poems with:

"The simple news that nature told,
With tender majesty
Her message is committed
To hands I cannot see:
For love of her, sweet countrymen,
Judge tenderly of me!"

What an orgy of lovely quotations in: "The bee is not afraid of me, I know the butterfly"; or "The pedigree of honey does not concern the bee"; or "Say, sea, take me!"; or "Fame is a fickle food upon a shifting plate"; or, in a last fine climax:

"The spider as an artist
Has never been employed
Though his surpassing merit
Is freely certified
By every broom and Bridget
Throughout a Christian land.
Neglected son of genius,
I take thee by the hand."

Poppies and Mandragora—they undoubtedly grew in Emily Dickinson's garden—what a different use they came to in the hands of an Edgar Saltus: a fine stylist, a man of superficial learning, poisoned early in life by a philosophy macabre, and not profound as Mrs. Saltus tries to make out in her funereal tribute of a collection of his poems. Francis Saltus was a poet of some distinction, and it is plausible information to hear that his brother Edgar felt "the underlying inspiration" of his work. There is art, an art of poetry in these verses of a fine prose writer: but it seemed that Edgar Saltus was merely dancing before learning to walk gracefully in his prose. If there was poet in him, it succumbed to the pestilent art theories of his group, some of whom in whitened beards still walk ghostily among us. He contrasts as crudely with the simplicity of nature as some old-fashioned New York parlor in its crimson silks and carved rosewoods looking out upon a lovely mountain in the Catskills. He completes the diagnosis of his own troubles in his title poem:

"My soul is full of linnets, my life is filled with light,
For home, I have a mirage of a garden of delight.

My soul is sick with horror, my life is drenched with care,
Morphine I have for portion and I have, for bride, despair."

The supplement of Mrs. Saltus's own poems strikes me as being a rather unnecessary intrusion in Poppies and Mandragora.

In a way, Ezra Pound has established himself in a kinship with Edgar Saltus that is brought out clearly in his collected poems published under the old title of Personae. All Ezra Pound's poems up to date are here presented for a critical reconsideration, and to say the truth the task is a rather sad disappointment after all the pose, the assertion and pretense of the poet. Ezra Pound is the glaring expatriot of our time: although the British Who's Who gives the date of his birth it is silent regarding his American birthplace or college. A careful study of the poem with which he won his first spurs—the Ballad of the Goodly Fere—reveals a rather mediocre success: in older days it was considered a striking performance. That superiority of knowledge which is as offensive as is superiority based on wealth has carried Ezra Pound into byways of song, where his assertive personality awakens echoes that reverberate all too discordantly. It may be said for him that he is too individualistic to make a good translator, and these scraps from Italian and Provençal must be regarded as Pound's own work and not the repetends of the early writers. There is little or no song in this work: his mind, in a peculiar obliquity of self-consciousness, distorts the vision as it disrupts the harmonies. Mr. Pound would be sorry for us in this judgment, and, we may say, we are sorry for him.

As a poet of introspective mood, A. E. (George Russell) has wisely refrained from more than a slight revision of such poems as he has not entirely omitted in his Collected Poems. "However imperfect they seemed, I did not feel," he writes in his foreword, "that I could in after hours melt and remold and make perfect the form, if I was unable to do so in the intensity of conception, when I was in those heavens we breathe for a moment and then find they are not for our clay."

Most of the lovely old things are here reprinted: in the exquisite verses In Connemara, Momentary, Refuge, and the profound clairvoyance of the lines To Padraic Colum, A. E. has seized hold of the prime Celtic spirit: that primeval illusion that has the cold stone of fact behind it; the sigh that is but an echo of a great wail of grief sounding out of eternities. There is recollection and calmness in this poetry that is yet not peace. The Nirvana of the poet is not the complete self-obliteration of the Hindu: he remains a Christian of Mithraic sort, and his peculiar religiosity does not resemble what we apprehend as ancient Celtic quality. When this is properly disposed of, he remains one of the greatest singers that Erin, in her poetry and culture, has produced in our generation.

THOMAS WALSH.

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Science, Religion, and Reality, edited by Joseph Needham. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

THIS volume of essays by various writers, and thus necessarily of differing values, is of a kind with which we are now growing familiar. The term reality only has a single reference in the index, and is but little insisted on throughout the book. As to the adjustment of science and religion, it conforms to the lines of modernism, and resembles that celebrated picnic of the young lady of Riga, whose part is here enacted by religion. There is an introduction by Lord Balfour which contains a good deal that is interesting, and one thing that is surprising—namely, that a man of so much erudition can quote Draper's Conflict of Religion and Science without a word to indicate the extreme inaccuracy—to put the thing moderately—of that work.

There is a concluding summary of which more must be said, and there are the intervening articles. Of these, that by Professor Eddington, on The Domain of Physical Science, is easily the best, and once more causes the reader to ask himself how it is that physicists write so much more clearly and satisfyingly on matters such as those dealt with in this book than professors of other branches of science. It is probably because the physicist must often diverge into metaphysics—a branch ignored and at times decried by too many biologists. This essay is worth careful consideration, as is that by Dr. Malinowski, on Science, Magic, and Religion, wherein the writer's information gained through a long sojourn in the Pacific Islands is used to great advantage.

The article by the editor, on Mechanistic Biology, is disappointing, for the whole treatment of this important subject is very inadequate; possibly because it is not easy for a chemist to grasp the significance of the evidence for a vitalistic solution which comes from experimental embryology and the numerous and striking facts of regeneration.

Of the other articles, mostly concerned with religion, not much need be said, except that it is curious how the modernist mind turns constantly to the idea that it is the only instructed consciousness existing in the religious world. We are told that educated members of the Christian church (modernists) believe —or more generally disbelieve—this, that, and the other. There is a story of the late Father James Healy, of Little Bray, near Dublin, which rises to the mind. Consulted by a young woman who feared that she was incurring the sin of vanity, he asked why that thought had occurred to her. The penitent replied that when she looked in her mirror, she could not help thinking that she was a very pretty girl. "Do not trouble yourself, my child," said the holy man, "that is not a sin. It is a mistake." Perhaps the modernist, gazing at his own image in his internal mirror, and thanking such God as he has left to himself that as far as brains and education are concerned he is not as other men, might meditate on this little fable and see whether it has any bearing on his case.

As to the conclusion by Dean Inge, we agree with him in one particular—that concerning the Reformation, since had it not been that the Church and Protestantism were locked in deadly conflict, and that at the time, in the strength of its youth, the latter was a lustier fighter than in these days of its decadence, there never would have been any conflict between religion and science. That is the Dean's opinion, and he says very truly that "the Reformation has not only checked but obscured the scientific progress which had begun in the century which preceded it. He says further:

"It was not Catholicism or Protestantism, but the state of war between them, which had this evil consequence [of setting back science]. Christianity, when unmenaced, is no enemy to culture; but as soon as war is declared, every nation or institution must subordinate all other considerations to the necessity of victory. It must curtail liberty of action, speech, and thought."

With that we may agree, yet not with his further statement that Christianity must devise a fighting propaganda with a cynical disregard for truth. That we hope Catholicity will never do; but that apparently is what the Dean does in his contest with the enemy, Rome. Here is one example:

"In southern Europe, especially, religion is largely a social diversion, a spectacular performance, an artistic enjoyment."

That is a fine instance of the kind of flippant falsehood to which this writer is addicted when dealing with the Church which he so greatly dislikes. We are told by his friends that we must excuse what, after all, "is only pretty Fanny's way." But it is surely time that pretty Fanny learned that inaccuracy and offensiveness are poor weapons in argument. The southerner is light-hearted and does not wear that sombre cloak of gloom which legend allots to the Dean, but no person not completely oblivious to truth or ignorant of facts, will urge that he is, therefore, less in earnest than the gloomiest-browed Puritan of them all.

Regarding the statement that the Church has recently denounced evolution, it may be said that this will be news to Canon de Dorlodot, Father Wasmann, and many another writer. It is curious that no one but the Dean should have heard of this denunciation.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE.

The New Korea, by Alleyne Ireland. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.00.

IF STATISTICS in orderly array are evidence of happiness, the new Korea, according to Alleyne Ireland, has left very far behind its old unhappy far-off days.

In my youth, I was once asked by the head of a very great corporation who thought he could use me, if I could read a balance sheet and get an accurate picture of the company concerned. "No," I replied (and lost myself the job) "no more than you can, for figures show only part of what is, and never what isn't. A balance sheet without knowledge of the men and machinery concerned shows nothing at all, in spite of statistics."

Mr. Ireland says: "In the field of international policy, the Japanese annexation of Korea is perfectly suited to serve as a demarcating issue between the two schools of political conviction—the imperialist and the nationalist—and according to whether the reader belongs to one or the other of these schools, so will he convince himself that Japan has the 'right' to rule Korea, or that the Koreans have a 'right' to independent nationhood."

Mr. Ireland cites cases "to expose the fallacy of basing either an imperialist or a nationalist policy upon a principle of abstract right" and in his book purposes "to examine Japanese rule in Korea as a concrete example of colonial administration, without reference to the legal or moral sanctions upon which it rests." Had he done anything else he could not very well have written his book, for his object is to show only how Korea is governed today; he does not contrast it with the past, nor can statistics show whether Koreans are happier and better off, consciously or unconsciously, as part of the Japanese empire than they were thirty years ago as an "independent" people. Nor does he take into account that one may belong to neither the nationalist nor the imperialist school as generally under-

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stood. "Happiness," too, and "independence" are vague terms. It may certainly be questioned whether Korea was ever independent within accurate historical knowledge; it may be suggested that some people can actually be happier in a state of primitive untidiness and disorder than they are under the stern eye of the uplifter. Nor was it primarily for Korea's happiness that Korea was annexed. Korea was annexed as were the Philippine Islands, with more compelling reason for the presence of Japanese armies in Korea than for the presence of American armies at Manila; the United States could not possibly be seriously menaced from Manila; hostile occupation of Korea was life or death to Japan. In both cases, permanent occupation more or less disguised followed the presence of armies sent for the expulsion of an enemy who was alien also to the people whose lands were occupied. Justification of occupation followed on the humanitarian ground of uplift and education; today it rests largely upon economic grounds.

Statistics can only show that in serving their own vital interests the Japanese have also accepted a trust and are concerned in making captivity humane and tolerable to those Koreans who still prefer to be Koreans, while they turn the rising generations into loyal Japanese. Figures do not show all that is, and nothing at all of what isn't.

Japan's problem in Korea, and Korean reaction to its solution would be a very pretty study for Americans, for in the process one would be led insensibly to fairly definite conclusions with regard to similar peoples north of the Panama Canal.

When, four years before the Russo-Japanese War, I was invited to become chief adviser to the Emperor of Korea, that nation was independent only in name. In general outlook upon modern life Koreans had hardly advanced beyond the time of Abraham; they were nomads settled in houses and cities, still redolent of scriptural nomadic life. They had a king, a noble caste, and a general "people." People and land belonged to the king. Theoretically, his power was absolute; practically, it was limited by the personality of the sovereign and by the demands (oftentimes unreasonable, arbitrary, and exorbitant) of foreign governments or of diplomats accredited to his court, upon their own responsibility. It was the era of concessions, spheres of influence, and partition of living nations. In his struggle for existence the king had declared himself equal in rank with the three emperors whom he feared; of China, Russia, and Japan. A king might be vassal to an emperor, but an emperor must (poor man!) be the equal of emperors. Local government was farmed to the nobles, who having paid well for office must exact threefold revenue from the governed: 100 percent plus usurious interest to Japanese banks furnishing the initial outlay; 100 percent of normal taxation for the support of the government; 100 percent to the pocket of the governor or magistrate to make the cares of office worth his while. Disorder, discontent were rife; intrigue and rebellion were fomented not infrequently by foreign powers whose interest it was to prove to the world how greatly Korea needed a guiding hand. Yet, Koreans feared our utilitarian western life. They did not understand it, did not want it. In a measure, they were happy under a patriarchal rule they understood, and under evils of their own making. Their ultimate absorption into one of the three neighboring empires was inevitable, and only the enthusiasm of youth could keep alive in an adviser to the emperor the hope of an international agreement to neutralize Korea, under the guidance of a group of men unconcerned in the European struggle. The cynicism of European—and of American—diplomacy was a bitter draught.

The problem of backward nations, of raw materials, of the hewers of wood and drawers of water, had not been worked out. It is one problem that stands out consistently from all history.

Probably, in spite of the realist school which embraces both nationalists and imperialists, there are truly rights involved. Those rights have not yet been defined by nations in any manner compelling upon society. There is reason to believe that in the United States conditions approach more nearly than anywhere in the world a favorable opportunity to clarify these abstractions and to formulate and practise a definite policy in advance of traditional utilitarian diplomacy. In caution we are bound to know and to deal with utilitarianism; there is quite possibly, however, a dignified, practical, and effective theory and method to be set up on Christian principles, which in the centuries of struggle between Christianity and European barbarism has never prevailed, has even been tainted by unchristian practices. In the United States, where all possible safeguards have been erected against recurrence of the political poisoning of religion, there is room for the evolution of those stifled principles of international intercourse for which the weak of the world have longed since force began to rule it.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

A Dictionary of Modern English Usage, by H. W. Fowler. New York: The Oxford University Press. $3.00.

THERE never was a time when so many muddy rivulets trickled into the "well of pure English." In fact, the matter has come to such a pass that it is quite customary to commend linguistic heterodoxy, in entire forgetfulness of the fact that speech can perform the business of thinking only if it be as keen as Toledo steel. Unfortunately, most treatises written to correct the evil have been either dusty little compilations of errors, or rather florid school-boy discourses based on Latin grammar. Mr. Fowler's book, thank heaven, is neither of these. It rambles on through a neat and attractive arrangement, giving its dictional recipes with all the alluring savor of an excellent cook-book, and pouncing savagely upon errors with the crusading consciousness of a man forsworn to a good cause and familiar with every inch of the terrain.

The reader might think, at first sight, that he was confronting a miniature dictionary, because the order is alphabetical and the topics are indicated by words. As he goes on he discovers, however, not only a seemingly unending fund of reliable lore, but also a quaint and masculine philosophy which constantly makes its point without flinching. The book can therefore be read with interest in the same way as one reads the maxims of Joubert or the Book of Proverbs—a claim which may amaze those familiar with various "rhetorics" and "grammars," but which can easily be substantiated.

As an illustration of Mr. Fowler's linguistic learning, one might turn to the remarks about "æ, œ," in which the conclusion is reached that these ligatures ought to be abandoned. But perhaps it would be more representative to turn to these comments upon French words: "To say a French word in the middle of an English sentence exactly as it would be said by a Frenchman in a French sentence is a feat demanding an acrobatic mouth; the muscles have to be suddenly adjusted to a performance of a different nature, and after it is suddenly recalled to the normal state; it is a feat that should not be attempted; the greater its success as a tour de force, the greater its failure as a step in the conversational progress, for your collocutor, aware that he could not have done it himself, has his attention

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distracted whether he admires or is humiliated. All that is necessary is a polite acknowledgment of indebtedness to the French language indicated by some approach in some part of the word to the foreign sound, and even this only when the difference between the foreign and the corresponding English sound is too marked to escape a dull ear." What a relief it is to read these sane and comforting words! Our author is even more helpful, however, and appends to this general statement a series of wise regulations.

Throughout the book Mr. Fowler is a champion of principles in what would be a Johnsonian manner were it not so piquant. "The mot juste," he declares spicily in one place, "is a pet literary critic's word, which readers would like to buy of them as one buys one's neighbor's bantam cock for the sake of hearing its voice no more. It has the disadvantage that you can find it, if you want to know more about it, neither in French dictionaries nor in English, and must be content to associate it vaguely with Flaubert." But what is the use of continuing to illustrate? The book is so truly a storehouse of first-class information about the English language as we use it today, and so fearless and reasonable a critic of literary malpractice, that it is sure to be thumbed diligently everywhere. We hear that the book is being adopted at various American colleges, and the other day a smartly dressed youth was seen reading it on the train. Why, then, should one refuse to be optimistic about the rising generation?

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

The Pageant of America: A Pictorial History of the United States, edited by Ralph Henry Gabriel. New Haven: Yale University Press.

A MERE glance at the prospectus of the great attempt sponsored by Yale University to tell the story of the United States in a manner agreeable to all varieties of readers, proves the wealth of the material and the pains that have been expended to deal with this material adequately. More careful examination of the separate volumes completes the demonstration. Let all romantic or satiric souls, given to curse the land of Lincoln, beware of entering here! Volume three, for instance, is a study of Toilers by Land and Sea, written by the general editor himself. It describes the epic of the soil—the clearing of the wilderness, life on the farms of yore, the growing supremacy of great crops like cotton, and the coming of machinery. The text is well organized and attractive, but the illustrations are a positive joy. A wealth of pertinent cartoons, sketches, drawings, and maps tell the story consecutively and make it live.

Volume four, written by Malcolm Keir, relates the epic of industry. The historical background is well presented, though a critic of social conditions might like to venture a few interpolations. "King Coal" is the subject of an informative and breezy chapter, which tells about all anyone could reasonably care to know about bituminous products. Oil, electricity and steam are dealt with adequately, and the men who developed them form the themes of numerous sketches. After discussing lumbering and meat-packing, the author proceeds to outline the story of organized labor. Here the illustrations, drawn from the most varied sources, are excellent. Every workingman would enjoy and profit by them; every student of history will find them most advantageous.

Volume one, compiled by three writers, chronicles Adventures in the Wilderness with a great deal of charm. The discovery and early settlement of the continent, the life of the Indian, the growth of government—all are treated with a good sense of perspective. Though portions of the narrative reveal some British bias, the treatment is on the whole satisfactorily objective. Volume thirteen, written by Talbot Faulkner Hamlin, has a very interesting theme in the history of American architecture. He enters into all aspects of building, and his terse, illuminating remarks are illustrated lavishly. Catholic builders have every reason to read the chapter on church construction carefully. Mr. Hamlin's treatment is sane and fair, and the format of the volume entrusted to his care is one of the most impressive in the series.

Volume eleven, written by Stanley Thomas Williams, is richly pictorial, covers a great deal of ground, and is generally trustworthy. Unfortunately, the author mixes his tenses and caricatures his conclusions. If, by some extraordinary concession, the name of Orestes Brownson was suffered to intrude, it was, to say the least, unkind to refer to him in the index as "Browning." Every old New England stick-in-the-mud gets his or her halo, but there is no mention of Kate Chopin, Father Tabb, or George Sterling. Be all that as it may (we are accustomed to it by this time) the illustrations are valuable. Generally speaking, the pictures alone would make The Pageant of America a valuable possession. But there is much more and the complete work merits recognition.

PAUL CROWLEY.

Tampico, by Joseph Hergesheimer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

Wedlock, by Joseph Wassermann; translated by Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

OF THE truth that when religion is abstracted from life only sexual instinct and intellectual ambition remain, Mr. Hergesheimer's latest novel is an interesting demonstration. The hero, a middle-aged man involved in certain broils that surround oil interests in Mexico, feels that he is too old for love and too rich to care about ambitions. Accordingly, he is interested in nothing at all. To what extent the Hergesheimer art is dependent upon use of what drama there lies in contrasted colors was never more evident. The daggers, shawls, foliage, hot nights and mean intrigues of Mexico are worked for all they are worth. By comparison the contour of the actual narrative is irregular and only slightly impressive. Whatever the reader may hope to find in recurrent pages of analysis expended upon the souls—or psychic processes—of the leading characters, dramatic intensity is not included in the menu. By contrast with the best pages of Bourget (almost the only modern writer to make psychological dissection intensely interesting) the offerings of Mr. Hergesheimer are limp and tepid. Nor is one fascinated by a certain pied diction which, though distinctly superior to much current writing is, after all, too facile to be more than a mannerism. The real quality of the book is derivative from the strange, oriental country of the Montezumas, where even the American business temperament is derouted by the call of blood and money.

Mr. Lewisohn's translation of Wassermann's Laudin und die Seinen is excellent English prose, distinguished for verve, restraint, and colorfulness. Unfortunately, the novel cannot fail to disappoint those who have on previous occasions admired the popular German novelist's Hebraic insight and creative power. Laudin, a lawyer who specializes in divorce cases and comes to see a great deal of vulgar human nature rendered muddy and turbulent by sexual chaos, is little more than an automaton upon whom Wassermann expends his accumulated store of acquired psychological knowledge. Though one or the other episode in

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the book is interesting and illuminating in a kind of shadowy way, the central narrative itself meanders in the periphery of problems for which the solution offered is far from a convincing one.

A great deal might be written concerning the Wassermann theory of idealism. Here it need only be said that Wedlock proposes a kind of sublimated eros, whose refuge is the simplicity of a life close to nature. Laudin discovers that far from being able to solve the problems of others, he himself is an unfathomable spectacle for the understanding of which years would be required. It remains to say that Wedlock is sufficiently frank to safeguard it from being taken for a juvenile.

LITA SEAMON.

Disraeli and Gladstone, by D. C. Somervell. New York: George H. Doran Company. $3.50.

THE author's "duo-biographical sketch" is, in a sense, a variant of Plutarch's method in his famous parallel Lives, save that in the parallel study of the two English statesmen Greek meets Greek instead of a Greek being weighed in the balance with a Roman.

The Victorian age in retrospect, in accordance with the axiom that the people of one century always dislike the century immediately preceding, has not yet become sufficiently mellowed to take on glamour. The tale of two great political rivals, however, does not suffer thereby, for Mr. Somervell gives it that quality of tension a dramatically told story of two careers which inter-connect and conflict will have. Aside from the clear delineation of personal aims and ends, of victory and defeat, one of the most interesting things to trace throughout the book is the expansion of that great imperialistic ideal which has so signally paled since the end of the world war. It is true that Disraeli was fundamentally an imperialist and Gladstone an internationalist; yet Disraeli's spirit won out in the end, though he died before his opponent.

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FREDERICK H. MARTENS.

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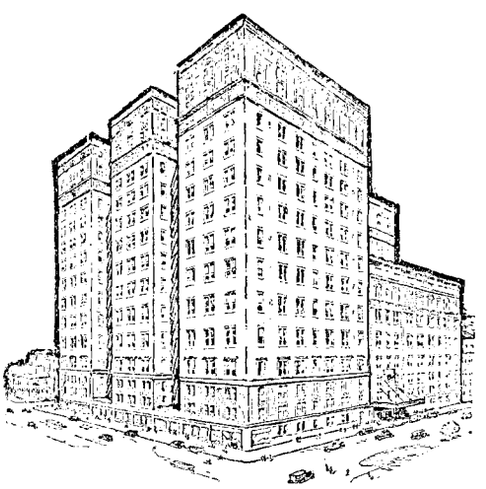

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BRIEFER MENTION

The True Story of My Life, by Hans Christian Andersen. New York: The American-Scandinavian Foundation. $2.50.

THE twenty-sixth volume in the excellently printed and edited series of Scandinavian Classics is Mary Howitt's translation of Andersen's autobiography. Later additions to the original manuscript, made by the story-teller at various times during his old age, have not been included for reasons which seem commendable. No book offers a better description of what literary life was like in Denmark during the middle years of the nineteenth century, and few relate so many entertaining anecdotes about Scandinavian celebrities. Hans Christian Andersen had, as is well known, no real knowledge of himself. His self-portrait is posed for in a way which is sometimes so evident that it becomes painful. But his story was really so interesting, dramatic and unusual that it is worth reading for its own sake, even in our time.

The Lyfe of Saynt Radegunde, edited by F. Brittain. Cambridge, England: The Cambridge University Press. 3/6d.

SAINT RADEGONDE, the patron of Poitiers where her shrine still attracts thousands, became popular with English petitioners during the reign of the Plantagenets. Her name was given to several churches and abbeys. It appears that her life was made the subject of a rhyming chronicle, only two copies of which are known to have been preserved. From one of these, the property of the Jesus College Library, Mr. Brittain has transcribed the version used in the present attractive little edition. Written in loose but pleasant fifteenth-century English, the poem relates the chief legends concerning the Saint. Mr. Brittain supplies a scholarly introduction in which he suggests that the author may have been Henry Bradshaw, a Benedictine poet who died in 1513. The bibelot is carefully edited.

The Patriot Novelist of Poland: Henryk Sienkiewicz, by Monica M. Gardner. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.00.

MISS GARDNER'S careful study of a great novelist and romancer is neither a biography nor a critical analysis. It hovers somewhere between the two, and contents itself largely with recounting the narratives of Sienkiewicz. Sometimes she essays a comment, and usually manages so well that one wishes she had been slightly less modest and impersonal. The idea that her author wrote something like a patriotic symphony guides her work, and we are made to see the motif of sacrificial citizenship as constantly recurrent. Those who wish to get the meat of Sienkiewicz without reading his books could find no better guide than this comely volume.

The Poetry of Nonsense, by Emile Cammaerts. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.75.

THE high standard of perfection brought to English nonsense poetry in the work of Edward Lear and Lewis Carroll has induced the Belgian writer, Emile Cammaerts, long a resident in England, to prepare a little study on the character and merits of this form of light literature. Lear was the originator of the Limerick form of verse which in modern literature has outstripped the sonnet, and even the rondeau-redouble, in general popularity. Mr. Cammaerts distinguishes clearly between the witty and humorous and the truly nonsensical.

THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"May I," asked Britannicus, timidly, as he poked his nose through the door, "may I come in and doff my hat and coat?"

"No," replied Angelicus, restlessly shifting his book, "doff them you may not; but we shall be glad to have you come in and remove them."

"Oh, please—by all means, doff them," begged Euphemia, looking up from her volume. "It's so much more romantic."

"But not appropriate," said Angelicus. "You don't doff an every-day brown felt hat, er—somewhat soiled and worn, if you will pardon me, Britannicus. Now if you were wearing a plumed hat with a jeweled buckle, then doffing would be just the thing."

"Go back and get your plumed hat," ordered Euphemia.

"But my doublet and hose haven't come back from the laundry," protested Britannicus, "and what is a plumed hat without doublet and hose?"

"You might wear your leather jerkin," suggested Euphemia, helpfully.

"With a plumed hat? Never. Where, my dear, is your sense of the eternal fitness of things?"

"The last time you wore it, I thought it fitted you very nicely," said Euphemia.

"Come, come," said the Doctor, "cease this prattling, and tell me, Britannicus, why you thought it necessary to ask to be allowed to come in?"

"Well," said Britannicus, "you both appeared so studious, each with a serious-looking volume in front of you, that I feared my presence might disturb you."

"If you remain quiet, it won't," said Angelicus, pointedly, as he turned the page to begin a new chapter.

"Not for worlds would I interrupt the pursuit of scholarship," replied Britannicus, "only I am curious to know what it is you are reading."

"That is more encouraging than Euphemia's indifference," retorted Angelicus. "When I offered to read aloud to her from this wonderful work, she firmly asserted that she had a more important book to which she must give her time this afternoon."

"What is this marvelous book, Doctor?" asked Britannicus.

"Augustinius de Catechizandis Rudibus," solemnly announced the Doctor.

"And yours, Euphemia?" inquired Britannicus.

"The Blue Fairy Book," replied Euphemia, serenely. "Do you blame me?"

"It's high time, then, that you were both interrupted," exclaimed Britannicus. "Here you are reading philosophy and fairy stories, and neglecting the newspapers, which are simply glowing with interesting facts."

"If we must, we must, I suppose," murmured Angelicus, resignedly, as he put down his book. "What's on your mind, Britannicus?"

"Such a good joke," replied Britannicus, as he pulled a copy of the New York Times from his pocket, "such a splendid joke on women!"

"I thought so," remarked Euphemia. "You seemed so unusually cheery."

"Listen to this," chuckled Britannicus. "A despatch from Holden, Massachusetts, says that 'women voters of this town are going about with fire in their eyes. They have just discovered that in the printed list of voters posted on the bulletin board in the town hall, the age of every woman voter is given.

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The ages of men voters are omitted. The district tax supervisor ordered the list printed with the ages of both men and women. Who was responsible for this discrimination?' "

"Some frightful beast," murmured Euphemia.

"Not at all—it was just an amusing little joke," maintained Britannicus.

"Nothing's a joke that may upset a woman's home or ruin her matrimonial chances," soberly remarked the Doctor. "I can see nothing now for the women of Holden to do but to move to another state."

"I thought you had a prejudice against the stressing of cruelty in journalism, Britannicus. But I now see that you, too, secretly enjoy the harrowing," said Euphemia. "Please allow me to return to The Blue Fairy Book."

"But you should live in the actual, child," protested Britannicus. "There is so much of importance going on in the world with which you should be keeping au courant, instead of filling your head with that nonsense."

"Such as?" inquired Euphemia.

"Well, for instance, the disappearance of the chilblain in New York City."

"I like fairy stories better," maintained Euphemia.

"Hold," said Angelicus, scraping his heels on the floor, "this interests me. I have always suffered more or less from chilblains."

"Ah, that's because you live in Brooklyn," announced Britannicus. "You had better consider moving to New York."

"Let me hear first the basis on which you give this advice," replied the Doctor, guardedly.

"It's put here rather poetically," said Britannicus, looking at his paper. "For the item states that the Hospital Information and Service Bureau of the United Hospital Fund issued a statement recently which began: 'Where are the chilblains of yesteryear?' "

"Still with us," maintained the Doctor, "and have been, as far as I am concerned, for forty years."

"Wait," said Britannicus, reading. "The answer was contained in the next sentence which said that, apparently, they were 'not on the feet of New Yorkers.' The statement continued:

" 'New York's climate, not red flannels, is credited with this boon. Not even sheer stockings and the reputed scantiness of feminine wearables have resulted in increasing the chilblain rate. In the Presbyterian Hospital only sixteen cases were treated in the period from 1921 to 1926. In fact, the chilblains of childhood recalled by New Yorkers who were not born here, are now practically a thing of the past.' "

"They must all have migrated to Brooklyn," said the Doctor, ruefully.

"Please, may I now go back to my fairy story?" begged Euphemia.

"Not till you've heard this despatch from England," said Britannicus. "It seems that 'Pete, London's oldest parrot, is becoming so bald that his owner has decided to have little jackets made for him to take the place of the long-lost feathers. Colonel W. B. Ferris of Philbeach Gardens, S.W., who has had the bird for fifty-five years, has records which show that the parrot is known to have existed in 1801. Pete began to show bald spots in 1872, and now is devoid of all feathers. The older Pete gets, the more he talks.' "

"How old are you, Britannicus?" suddenly asked Euphemia, irrelevantly.

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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